THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 164 NEW YORK • SATURDAY • MARCH 8, 1947 NUMBER 10

The Shape of Things

HAVING BEEN INVITED FROM TIME TO TIME to underwrite British failure in Palestine, the United States is now offered the opportunity to accept a receivership for Greece, and presumably for Turkey as well. Under Secretary Acheson is reported, in what we hope are ill-informed quarters, to have handed Lord Inverchapel a note asking his government to maintain its armed forces in Greece while we "explore ways and means of helping Great Britain to carry out its commitments." Since those commitments were incurred largely as a consequence of Mr. Churchill's ruthless determination to force a royalist regime on Greece even at the cost of civil war, the United States has reason to regard the British offer with a certain skepticism. And indeed prudence and isolationist sentiment, in the absence of more generous emotions, would probably dictate a flat refusal were it not for the fear, which may prove even stronger, that with Britain out, Russia would quickly move in. For Greece is one of those frontier posts between "Soviet totalitarianism" and "Western democracy" which can hardly remain unoccupied for long. And Turkey is another. In fact, the job which has been offered this country is not the relatively minor, if expensive and complicated, one of establishing order and economic stability in a devastated land. No, the United States is being called to man the crumbling ramparts of empire against the threat of Russian penetration and to do so in a land where war and revolution, augmented by British intervention and official terror, have created a standing invitation to communism to move in and take over. This is the specific proposal which our Congress must accept or decline. Its broader implications reach around the world.

✶

THAT THE BRITISH, NO LONGER ABLE TO carry the burdens of world power, would like to unload them bit by bit on us is wholly understandable. To assume them, as the State Department seems at least partly ready to do, would be suicidal. Wisely or recklessly, American interests are pushing ahead at an increasing rate in the Mediterranean area; but even our material investments, quite apart from political or moral ones, will not be safeguarded merely by carrying out "British commitments" or by helping the Foreign Office to do so. One look at the condition of the Empire is enough to prove that. The depressed and dependent Mediterranean countries, from Greece around to Egypt, including Palestine and the supposedly sovereign Arab states, need above all else to lose their status as pawns of empire. They need economic rehabilitation and modernization; they need release from the corrupt British-controlled regimes that rule and exploit them. The situation created in Greece by British weakness offers a unique opportunity for international action on a new basis. Let Britain withdraw its troops and submit to the United Nations, through the Economic and Social Council, the problem of reestablishing order in Greece and rebuilding the country's broken economy. Why should this be the job of one nation, whether Britain or the United States —or Russia? Has not the war and its aftermath proved, in Greece and elsewhere, that the old imperialist techniques are bankrupt and inefficient? For the United States to adopt them at this late day would be an act of desperation, not of statesmanship.

✶

MR. HOOVER'S REPORT ON CONDITIONS IN the Anglo-American zone of Germany contains little information not already available, and, broadly speaking, the relief program which it recommends duplicates the plan agreed on some time ago by the Anglo-American occupation authorities. But this lack of originality in no way diminishes its value; on the contrary, it enhances it, for the Administration can now go to Congress with a request for relief appropriations countersigned by the highest Republican authority. Mr. Hoover's findings are such that even the most parsimonious legislator cannot fail to be impressed. His is the old charity-organization approach, which combines a restrained humanitarianism with a strong emphasis on self-help. A starved and desperate Germany, he points out, must be policed by a much larger occupation army, and in this and other ways the American taxpayer can hope to save money in the long run by laying out credits now for the purpose of making the Anglo-American zone self-sustaining. Mr. Hoover

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

• IN THIS ISSUE •

EDITORIALS
The Shape of Things 261
Mr. Bevin Explodes 263
The Powers at Moscow 264

CARTOON *by Schloss* 265

ARTICLES
Nazi Plots and French Plans *by J. Alvarez del Vayo* 266
A Faith to Live By: II. Institutions and Men *by Cord Meyer, Jr.* 269
Farewell to New York *by Kay Boyle* 271
Busting the Aluminum Trust *by Bryant Putney* 273
India Comes into Its Own *by Shiva Rao* 275
In One Ear *by Lou Frankel* 277
Everybody's Business *by Keith Hutchison* 278

BOOKS AND THE ARTS
Balzac in Limbo *by Jacques Barzun* 279
Our Native Fascists *by Carey McWilliams* 280
The Airy and the Earth-Bound *by Rolfe Humphries* 281
A Roxborough Pastoral *by McAlister Coleman* 281
Argument from Design *by Benjamin Harrow* 282
Soviet Statistics *by Vera Micheles Dean* 282
Drama *by Joseph Wood Krutch* 283
Art *by Clement Greenberg* 284
Music *by B. H. Haggin* 284

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS 287

CROSSWORD PUZZLE No. 202 *by Jack Barrett* 288

Editor and Publisher: Freda Kirchwey
Managing Editor J. King Gordon — *Literary Editor* Randall Jarrell*
European Editor: J. Alvarez del Vayo
Associate Editors
Robert Bendiner, Keith Hutchison, Maxwell S. Stewart
Drama: Joseph Wood Krutch — *Music:* B. H. Haggin
Staff Contributors
Reinhold Niebuhr, Carey McWilliams, Aylmer Vallance
Ralph Bates
Assistant Managing Editor: Jerry Tallmer
Copy Editor: Gladys Whiteside. *Assistant Literary Editor:* Caroline Whiting. *Research Editor:* Doris W. Tanz.

Business Manager: Hugo Van Arx
Advertising Manager: William B. Brown
Director of Nation Associates: Lillie Shultz
* Margaret Marshall on leave of absence.

The Nation, published weekly and copyrighted, 1947, in the U. S. A. by The Nation Associates, Inc., 20 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 18, 1879, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Washington Editorial Bureau: 318 Kellogg Building. Advertising and Circulation Representative for Continental Europe: Publicitas, Lausanne, Switzerland.

Subscription Prices: Domestic—One year $6; Two years $10; Three years $14. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new one.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

is indubitably right about this, and we hope Congress will give heed to his recommendations. But essential as immediate relief is, it can do no more than prepare the ground for economic recovery. The problem of how to make German industry an asset to Europe instead of a liability remains to be solved, and this job can hardly be tackled by Hoover methods of social engineering.

*

IN AN EFFORT TO APPEASE REPUBLICAN opposition to the Administration's trade program, the President has issued an executive order modifying reciprocal-trade-agreement procedures. This should make it possible for the American delegation to the International Trade Organization conference, which meets in Geneva next month, to act with less fear of a Congressional stab in the back. Unfortunately, the concessions which the President has made to domestic tariffists will play into the hands of foreign opponents of a multilateral trade program and diminish the chances for a satisfactory agreement. To many foreign nations, the new executive order will be new proof that there is more smoke than fire behind the much-advertised American design for freedom of world trade. The real truth, which the Administration apparently dare not blurt out, is that if the United States is to sell abroad on a scale commensurate with its ambitions and its productive capacity, it must be willing to buy the goods of other nations on a still greater scale. Fulfilment of this condition necessitates the maintenance of full employment in this country and a really drastic revision of tariff duties. The first requirement appears to be ruled out by Republican antipathy to planning, the second by Republican objections to hurting any interest with political pull, even though the economy goes to hell in a hack as a result. With such ostrich-like attitudes encouraged by Administration appeasement, other countries can hardly be blamed for believing that America is not willing to take its own medicine for the recovery of world trade. To them, Uncle Sam must seem nearly akin to the good old Duke of York, who led his men to the top of the hill . . . and marched them down again.

*

LEWIS DOUGLAS IS PROBABLY AS GOOD A selection for ambassador to Britain as the President could have made considering how narrow his field of choice was. The stinginess of Congress in providing for the foreign service rules out all but men of independent means for a post of this sort. Since the critical situation in Britain necessitates the quickest possible filling of the vacancy, the nominee also had to be someone whom the Senate would approve without long and painful hearings. That requirement alone sufficed to rule out any real progressive. Mr. Douglas, like O. Max Gardner, who died on the eve of sailing for London, is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a conservative Democrat, but he is at least an intelligent one. In view of his record as a strong supporter of aid to Britain before Pearl Harbor, he will certainly be *persona grata* in London. Moreover, his statement on appointment makes it clear that he feels a genuine sympathy for the British in their present troubles. Whether he will sympathize with, and understand the reasons for, the economic policies of the Labor government is another matter, for his economic beliefs are decidedly old-fashioned. However, contact with the problems Britain faces may convince him that Ricardo and Mill haven't all the answers.

*

PHILIP MURRAY IS RELIABLY REPORTED TO have directed his chief subordinates in the C. I. O. to steer clear of both the Progressive Citizens of America and the newly formed Americans for Democratic Action. So far the ban is unofficial, with formal action due to be taken when the C. I. O. Executive Board meets on March 13. Unless Murray modifies his stand before then, the prohibition will undoubtedly go into effect, such being the balance of forces in the C. I. O. The P. C. A. stands to lose somewhat by the decision, since its roster has included Jacob Potofsky of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, not to mention Murray himself, who has now withdrawn as a P. C. A. vice-chairman. The A. D. A., however, is really hit hard. Encouraged by Murray at its inception, it includes among its members such leading C. I. O. officials as Allen Haywood, James B. Carey, Walter Reuther, John Green, Emil Rieve, and many other key men only slightly less prominent. But it is the C. I. O. itself that would lose most of all from this high-handed action. If the top leaders can be given directives concerning their political affiliations, just where will the line be drawn? Already Haywood has ordered his subordinates to keep away from an A. D. A. organizing meeting in Chicago, a session which Reuther and Green have also avoided rather than clash with Murray. This is a new note in American labor—and a sour one. Besides being autocratic, it is obviously discriminatory. Mr. Murray has indicated no intention of abandoning his plan to go to the next Democratic National Convention as a delegate. Nor has he asked Ben Gold, of the C. I. O. Executive Board, to turn in his Communist Party card. By what right, then, does he ask his lieutenants to reject membership in A. D. A. and P. C. A.? We hope there will be sufficient pressure on him before March 13 to induce a healthy change of mind.

*

HAVING FOUND NOT A WHIT OF EVIDENCE reflecting unfavorably on Gordon R. Clapp, the Senate Public Works Committee voted seven to five last week against recommending him as director of the TVA. The routine effort to pin the red label on Mr. Clapp was remarkable only for the testimony it elicited from two burnt-out stars of the Dies committee. Former Representative Joe Starnes of Alabama told the Senators that President Truman "couldn't have made a happier appointment," and Robert B. Barker, once counsel for the Dies inquisition, admitted that his amateur sleuthing activities had failed utterly to connect Clapp with communistic activities of any sort. Clapp's efficiency and integrity during his years as general manager of TVA were not even questioned. On the face of things, all there was against him was the vindictiveness of Senator McKellar, who has had the ax out for him as well as for Lilienthal, both having guarded the TVA against the well-known McKellar appetite for patronage. But the Tennessee Senator's private feud by no means explains the vote of the seven hostile Senators. These gentlemen were not voting against Clapp but against TVA itself, against the whole concept of public power. Behind their otherwise senseless and arbitrary action is the resurgence of the private-utilities crowd, subdued by the New Deal but unchastened. On the floor of the Senate it should be harder to sacrifice Clapp to the power lobby than it was in the privacy of a committee room.

*

IT'S GOOD TO SEE A CONGRESSMAN GO IN there swinging for civil liberties the way James Harris of Arkansas has done in offering a bill to outlaw all pending OPA suits against price-chiselers. By thus seeking an "amnesty" for 14,000 war profiteers, Representative Harris has demonstrated his keen concern for the rights of conscience, and we hereby award him the Order of the Sacred Sirloin and two tickets to "All My Sons."

Mr. Bevin Explodes

MR. BEVIN'S speech on Palestine was in part the utterance of an angry and humiliated man, seeking to throw the blame for failure upon other shoulders. And in part it was the speech of a stubborn defender of unconfessed intentions. It is the latter aspect which is important, for while his charges against President Truman will soon be forgotten, the intentions will remain and, if allowed to control the decision to be made by the United Nations, will frustrate that body as they have Britain.

At the outset of his speech the British Foreign Minister made it clear that in referring the Palestine problem to the United Nations he was not proposing to surrender the mandate but merely asking that its terms be changed. Moreover, though he had previously announced that Britain would make no recommendations to the United Nations, the whole structure of Mr. Bevin's argument

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was devised to rule out a solution acceptable to the Zionists. According to the Foreign Minister, the United Nations may choose among three solutions. It may set up a Jewish, an Arab, or a bi-national state. There was no serious consideration of partition, which had been supported by a majority of the Cabinet and almost the entire British press. Obviously, the intention was to make the bi-national state, based on the present Arab majority, appear the only practicable solution. Mr. Bevin's object is apparent: such a plan would insure the continuance of Palestine as a main repository of British military force in the Near East for a long time to come. That has been Mr. Bevin's purpose since he first took over the problem, or rather, since the Foreign Office first took over Mr. Bevin.

We are forced to that conclusion by the remarks about partition made by the Foreign Minister toward the close of his speech. "I am sure," he said, "that if we agree to partition we should have ten times the row as to where the frontiers should be, but you cannot make two viable states of Palestine. You can make one viable state . . . and transfer the rest to another Arab state." It would seem that to set up a Jewish state in one part of Palestine and to allot the remainder to an existing Arab government would itself be partition. What explains the apparent contradiction between this idea and the proposal of the Jewish Agency? Simply this: by all reliable reports, Mr. Bevin was referring to one of the Foreign Office's favorite pieces of Middle Eastern arcana, the so-called "Abdullah plan," according to which Syria, Transjordan, Palestine, and Iraq would be organized into a federated state, under British military "protection," headed by King Abdullah of Transjordan. The idea was publicly indorsed by Abdullah himself as an effective weapon against Soviet influence in the whole Middle East. If such a merger could be brought about, Mr. Bevin might be willing to consider "partition."

Mr. Bevin is prisoner of the archaic strategies of the High Command and the Foreign Office. Mr. Attlee and the three Ministers associated with him in the Indian and Burmese negotiations have bothered little with the brass hats and for that reason have made substantial and bold advances. Mr. Bevin, who has proceeded with old-time secrecy and procrastination in Egypt and Palestine, has allowed himself to be persuaded that the Middle East is a special region, in which Britain must keep a foothold even by methods which can only produce chaos and the defeat of every generous ideal. Not surprisingly, his record is one of total failure. It is inevitable, and just, that the United Nations should have British security in mind during the coming Palestine discussions. But Mr. Bevin's speech and his conduct of Middle Eastern affairs provide a strong warning. If the Foreign Office officials are allowed to dominate the situation, there can be no hope of a practical and humane solution.

The Powers at Moscow

RUSSIA laid down its line for the Moscow conference in its surprise acceptance of the American demand for the sole trusteeship of the former Japanese islands as strategic areas. Senator Austin's insistence that this large and far-off Pacific zone was "an integrated, strategic, physical complex vital to the security of the United States" found warm support from the usually dour Gromyko. In fact, the Russian representative added a new basis for the United States claim in recalling that America had "played a decisive role in the victory over Japan . . . [and] made a greater sacrifice in . . . the war against Japan than any other of the powers."

On these two grounds, security and sacrifice, the Soviet Union will almost certainly build its case in the discussions about Germany. It goes without saying that, despite the queries in Mr. Byrnes's Stuttgart speech, the Oder-Neisse line will remain as Germany's eastern frontier. And in the military and economic settlement that emerges, Russia's claims for priority on security and reparations will have to receive serious consideration. It is perhaps fortunate that Secretary Marshall heads the American delegation: if his war-time memory serves him right there were other fronts than the eastern front, and other armies than the Red Army fought to win the Allied victory in Europe.

France will be the junior power at Moscow. But its voice will be the most insistent on the subject of military guaranties against future German aggression. Having suffered three German invasions in seventy years, France will be only moderately interested in the revival of German industry. It will point to the failure of the denazification program in the western zones, to the facts underlined by Del Vayo on page 266, to the full-blown Nazi plot recently uncovered by the Military Government authorities. It will demand that if, in Europe's interest, the Ruhr industries are resuscitated, the area be put under French or at least international control.

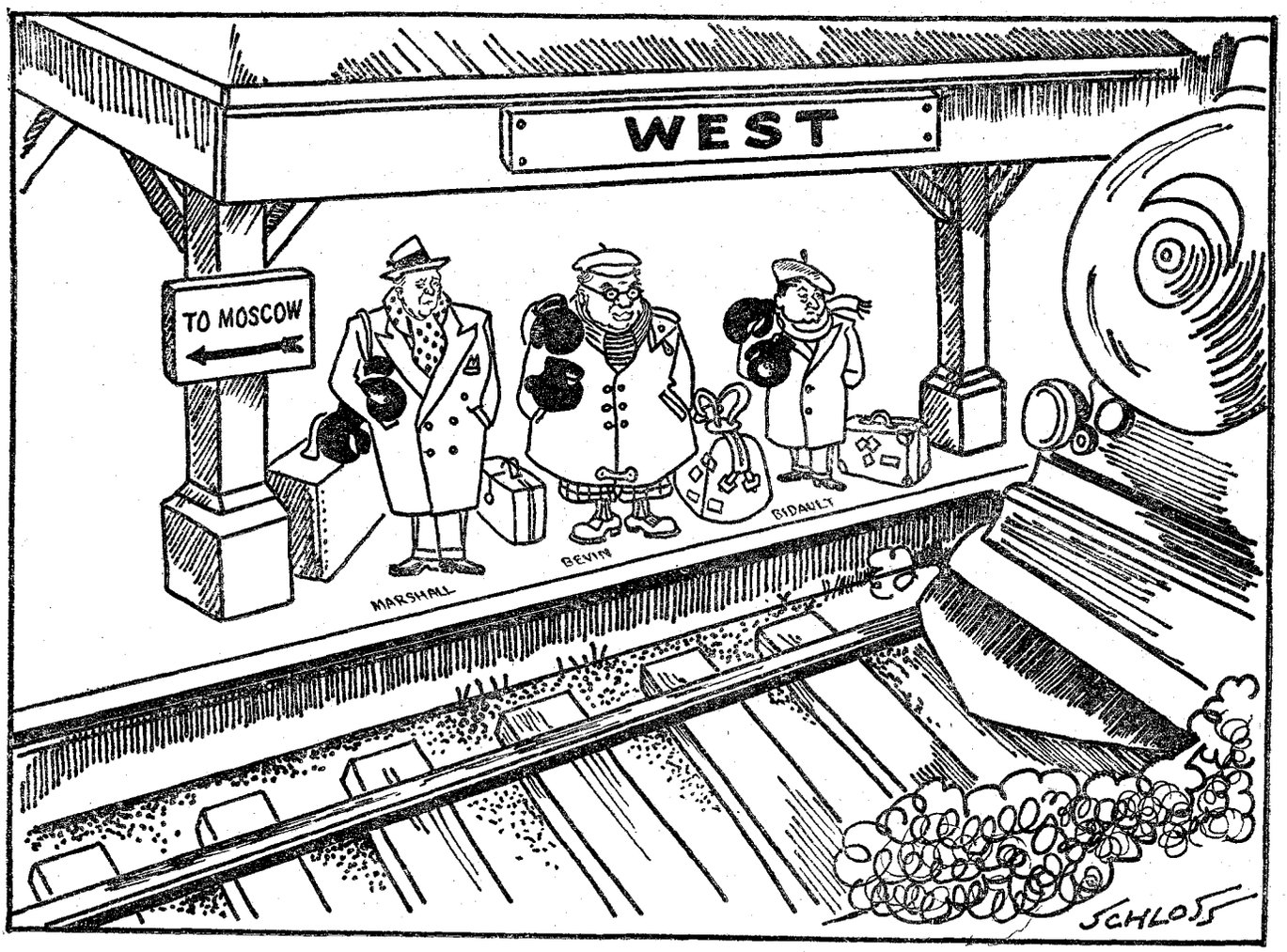
Russia is likely to join with France in its security demands. For the Russians are hardly less perturbed by the ineffectiveness of denazification in the western zones. Moreover, they harbor dark suspicions that the Western powers are planning to build up Germany as the advance position from which to mount an anti-Soviet offensive when the time is ripe. They mistrust America's sympathy for present German misery when Herbert Hoover appears as the angel of mercy. They suspect our intentions in regard to the former German cartels when they see General Draper—late of Dillon Read—at the head of our Military Government's Economic Division. With England's economic crisis forcing it out of its Continental commitments, Russia sees the United States as the decisive power in the economic revival of Western Europe.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The new French-English alliance against future German aggression—primitive as it appears to those who think in terms of a United Nations world—may in fact have a healthy influence at Moscow. If entered into by Russia and the United States, it should do something to restore the Big Four unity that has been absent since the war. It should lessen France's jitters and perhaps persuade Moscow that our intentions are not strictly dishonorable.

As a matter of fact, the United States is at present more genuinely concerned about the future of Germany and Western Europe than at any other time since the war. The concern is partly humanitarian. Herbert Hoover's estimate of German misery will be listened to, not because it is Herbert Hoover's, but because his is but the most recent of the reports that have testified to the desperate state of more than half of Europe's 386,000,000 people. If these people are not to starve, the United States, independently or through a United Nations agency, must provide the bulk of relief. But Americans are not going to face an unending future of doling out relief to Europe. The very prosperity of the United States depends on Europe's recovery. The United States representatives will therefore press for an economic program designed to put Germany and Western Europe back on their feet. German economic unity was a salient point of Mr. Byrnes's Stuttgart speech. But economic unity, even if it can be achieved in the face of present East-West tension, is merely the first requirement of any program of recovery. The large question remains whether the American representatives possess sufficient awareness of the trend of European development to accept the idea of a planned economy or whether they are firmly committed to the impractical policy of rebuilding German capitalism with American financial aid.

England's position at Moscow will be appreciably weakened by its inability to accept any heavy Continental commitments. And this is a pity. For despite the heritage of Churchillian foreign policy that Mr. Bevin has guarded so thriftily, England remains the one European nation that can exert a genuinely democratic-socialist influence. As Fritz Sternberg showed in his article several weeks ago, the future stability of Germany depends upon economic planning supported by those classes with the greatest stake in political freedom and the least interest in the revival of German nationalism. It is perhaps too much to expect that the representatives of the leading capitalist power will be convinced of the necessity of a democratic-socialist solution for Germany. But it is unfortunately safe to predict that if the United States proceeds with its plans to restore the big German cartels, it will polarize a political struggle between extremes that will invite the resurrection of Nazism and lay the basis for open conflict between East and West.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nazi Plots and French Plans

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Paris, February 21

ALTHOUGH the gravity of the German problem is generally recognized in the United States, one must visit Europe to grasp its full import. Perhaps the best window into Germany is France. I know some of my American friends will dispute this statement; they will argue that memories of two invasions within the last thirty years make Frenchmen incapable of objective thinking where Germany is concerned. Actually these memories have made the French more critical and alert. France realizes it no longer has a military machine like the army of 1914 to defend its frontiers. Nor can it rely on a system of alliances. Foreign Minister Bidault, Léon Blum, Edouard Herriot, Jacques Duclos—men of divergent political beliefs—are agreed that while in the event of another war mutual-defense pacts would bring the United States and Britain to the aid of France more quickly than in the past, their country could not survive the shock of the first assault launched by a powerful, rearmed Reich.

Consequently, France's only guaranties of security are, on the one hand, a foreign policy that will not breed a new spirit of revenge among the Germans and, on the other, a peace treaty that will prevent Germany from ever arming again. Other nations—Britain, Russia, the United States—can perhaps afford the luxury of a few mistakes in their German policy. Not France. Another political misstep with regard to Germany would spell the disappearance of France as a nation. For all these reasons the French point of view deserves special consideration.

With the Moscow conference only a few weeks off, Paris is profoundly disturbed by the continuing disagreement among the Big Three over the broad outlines of the German treaty. Three very different conceptions—four, including the French—will be advanced in the Soviet capital. Russia wants a politically and economically unified Germany. America and Britain, each for reasons of its own, want a federal state combining the main features of the Bismarck regime and the Weimar Republic, with a central parliament elected by universal suffrage. France inclines toward the creation of a loose federation of autonomous states such as existed before Bismarck. Even in Paris, however, the French plan has evoked no real enthusiasm. A thorough study of Germany's political evolution in the past hundred years and of developments in the two years since the war's end has convinced leading authorities that a German federalism more or less artificially resuscitated offers no lasting guaranty of safety; in their view, the only way to assure the inviolability of the French border is to keep a strong grip on the region from which the German militarists have after each defeat obtained the iron and steel and coal to forge new weapons of revenge. The region in question is Westphalia-Rhineland, and its nerve center is the Ruhr. Will Germany be allowed to rebuild there an industrial plant which can be converted on short notice to war production? That is the crux of the problem.

The French are particularly concerned about the intentions of Great Britain in this respect. The British dilemma, as they see it, is to surmount an incredibly difficult internal situation, dramatized by the present fuel shortage, and to maintain a certain balance of power vis-à-vis Russia. Will Britain permit the restoration of a western Germany governed by nationalists—whether their official label be Social Democrat, Christian Democrat, or Communist—and linked to the Anglo-American economy in such a way as to give the two Western powers exclusive control over the resources of the Ruhr?

INTERNATIONALIZATION OF THE RUHR

The French must find a solution for their own dilemma. A few days ago I talked with Solomon Grumbach, chairman of the Foreign Affairs Commission of the Council of the Republic, which has replaced the old Senate. Since the liberation he has held posts as chairman of the Foreign Affairs Commission of the National Assembly and chairman of the Parliamentary Investigating Committee in the French zone; his knowledge of German affairs is unequaled in France. Grumbach tersely outlined the solution he favors: "Internationalization, not annexation. Expropriation of the mines. Internationalization of the Ruhr under United Nations control, with equal participation by all countries, including Russia. In that way no one will feel that the industrial riches of the Ruhr are going to be used to further an absurd policy of bloc building." However, Grumbach's solution had one proviso: dissension among the four occupying powers must disappear. He saw this as the key to the entire problem.

Unfortunately, dispatches from Berlin seem to indicate that relations among the representatives of the Big Four have become more strained in recent weeks. For a short time after the encouraging session of the United Nations Assembly, relations took a turn toward unusual cordiality; the meetings of the Kommandatura were especially amicable, and the presiding officer, Soviet General Kotikov, was a popular host in Allied circles. But the moment the conference of Foreign Ministers' deputies in London began to discuss the German treaty a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perceptible coolness set in again. I do not think this fact should be unduly stressed; it may simply be another expression of habitual Soviet reserve on the eve of an important conference.

As to the proposals the Russians are likely to make at the Moscow conference, little is known at present. Certainly they will not yield on the question of the eastern frontier; if, as is rumored, the American delegation comes with a demand for revision of the Oder-Neisse line, French diplomatic circles believe that the success of the conference may be threatened. On the other hand, it is thought that a compromise can be reached on the question of the political regime for Germany without either the Russians or the British having to abandon completely their point of view. In any case the Soviets appear disposed toward flexibility on economic issues. They have already indicated willingness to accept an increase in the industrial potential fixed in March, 1946, especially so far as steel output is concerned, and the elimination of economic barriers between the zones.

MOSCOW INSISTS ON DENAZIFICATION

On the issue of denazification, however, the Russians will remain adamant, and here they will be strongly supported by the French. Anglo-American circles have given a very superficial interpretation of Soviet objectives in Germany by saying that Russia is primarily interested in obtaining large reparations in order to repair some of the damage it suffered in the war. But denazification is perhaps the cornerstone of Moscow's policy; recent German developments cannot but have intensified its fears and its determination to extirpate the last remnant of Nazism.

Nation readers will recall an article I wrote last summer during a brief stop-over in Berlin en route from Moscow to Paris, and the protest it drew from James Warburg, who felt that my description of Nazi organization and conspiracy in the American and British zones was highly exaggerated. In my reply I quoted a former German trade-union official, a Social Democrat, who at the time was serving as adviser to the Western occupation powers and had a remarkably extensive knowledge of conditions in the western zones. The other day I ran into him by chance at the subway entrance of the Place de l'Opéra; he had just returned from Germany and was leaving almost immediately for London. I canceled all my appointments and spent several hours with him. "The situation," he told me, "is very much worse than it was when we last met. Reaction is moving ahead more rapidly than anyone ever dreamed it could. I knew that sooner or later we would be confronted by an attempt at a Nazi revival, but I never suspected the nationalist movement would reappear so quickly and on such a big scale. On the one hand, international capitalism is helping German heavy industry to rebuild; on the other, the Catholic church now dominates the political situation in the American zone. The working class is powerless through lack of trained leaders. I myself would like to see the Social Democrats assume the leadership rather than the Socialist Unity Party, that artificial hybrid sponsored by the Russians. But while the Social Democrats are gaining numerical strength, their political orientation is disastrous. You will recall how favorably I spoke about Schumacher last year. Well, since that time he has fallen more and more under the influence of violent nationalists who are exploiting his reputation as 'martyr of Dachau' in their propaganda against the occupation powers."

As a matter of fact, I had already read Schumacher's last two speeches, one delivered in Munich and the other in Berlin. Their tone seemed to me to be considerably more aggressive than that of earlier pronouncements, and I wondered whether Schumacher's recent visit to London on the invitation of the Labor Party had not gone to his head. The Socialist leader has hit on one of those simple slogans which have unfailing appeal for a German audience: "Total victory implies total responsibility." Daily he is becoming more exigent in his demands on the Allies, and the once almost mystical voice of the man who was given the honor of inaugurating—as a prisoner, of course—Germany's worst concentration camp has now acquired a marked accent of nationalist belligerence. The point of departure for any anti-fascist movement ought logically to have been recognition of Nazi Germany's war guilt; instead Schumacher has chosen to launch a campaign of criticism of Allied policy. Each successive speech reveals more clearly his main line of attack: all the nations must recognize their equal share of responsibility for the war; consequently, the peace must be reestablished by mutual sacrifices, with Germany contributing no more or less than the others.

RESURGENCE OF GERMAN NATIONALISM

Other German leaders have been quick to follow Schumacher's lead. In his last message Conrad Adenauer, chairman of the Christian Democratic Party in the British zone, warned: "No German Catholic politician will sign his name to a peace treaty that recognizes the Oder-Neisse line as a boundary." And the German press is gradually beginning to dust off the old editorials about the *Schuldlüge*—the lie of German culpability—which helped create a favorable climate for Hitler's Nazi Party. The Allied Military Government had to choose between two evils—to allow open criticism of the occupying powers or to put up with clandestine propaganda aimed at exploiting Allied rivalries. It chose the former and lifted the censorship. The German papers promptly showed their true colors. A typical example of their attitude is to be found in an editorial announcing the appearance of the newest Berlin paper, *Berlin am Mittag*: "We belong to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no sector, no zone, and no sect. We are not subject to influence from any quarter. We do not believe that Germans who wear foreign uniforms are the best guides for a struggling German press. The policy of the occupation powers, individually and collectively, is far from being infallible. Heaven alone knows how far." Already a note of anti-Semitism has crept into the press. Indeed, anti-Semitism is more alive in Germany than ever before since the Nazi collapse. The few Jews who hold posts in the left parties, in the theater, or in artistic groups are considered by the average German as privileged characters protected by the occupation laws.

These varied manifestations of chauvinism would by themselves be insufficient justification for the anxiety the French are showing about trends across the Rhine. Hostility toward the occupation authorities was to be expected. This winter the Germans are living under horrible physical conditions. Whole cities still lie in ruins. With sanitation facilities practically non-existent, epidemics are likely to sweep the country at any moment and spread to the rest of Europe. At best military occupation is no school for democracy. Military occupation plus hunger plus cold cannot promote even an atmosphere of reconciliation.

No, the crucial problem is not the general zenophobia of the Germans. It is the rapid resurgence of Nazi feeling and organization. Obviously the Nazis have found their best weapon in the widespread misery of the people. However, many Frenchmen believe, and I share their view, that even if material conditions in Germany had been different and the Allies prepared to devote all their energies to the reconstruction and welfare of the country, the revival of the Nazi spirit, which expresses in extreme form the age-old German drive toward domination and aggression, would have taken place just the same.

During the months of December and January military intelligence in the various zones rounded up several hundred young Germans who were reestablishing contact between existent Nazi groups and setting up new groups. The youth, who should have been subjected to the most vigilant surveillance, have enjoyed the fullest liberty to plot. Hoping to win them over, all German parties including the Communists have insistently demanded a wholesale amnesty for the Hitler Youth, on the ground that the élite of the Fourth Reich must of necessity come from their ranks. This has encouraged the Nazis to make more and more use of the young people in their work. All of the boys who were arrested had formerly been members of the S. S. or the Hitler Youth; when apprehended they were carrying guns and knives and secret codes. Despite their extreme youth, many of them were employed as laborers in key factories and military posts. An investigation of these factories, including the important Borsig, Siemens, and Schückert plants, revealed that contrary to Allied regulations the boys were working overtime, not to increase authorized production and speed reconstruction but to make parts for firearms and machine-guns which were being distributed clandestinely throughout Germany. In the course of the investigation a discovery was made that should be of special interest to the United Nations and will, I hope, supply the final evidence—if any were needed—of Franco's past and present complicity in the Nazi plot: funds for the new organization are deposited abroad, principally in Spain and Perón's Argentina.

I could cite dozens of other incidents which point to the growing strength of the Nazis. Just the other day a band of young men, who had apparently made their way from southern Germany to Berlin via the underground, assembled in close formation near the headquarters of the British Military Government and marched across the Reichskanzlerplatz—formerly the Adolf Hitler Platz—singing a familiar Nazi anthem. After which they dispersed quickly and lost themselves in the crowd. Perhaps the real significance of this story lies in the fact that not a single spectator protested against the demonstration.

ACTIVITIES OF THE NAZI UNDERGROUND

Latest studies by Allied military intelligence show that at least three well-developed underground organizations are already operating under the leadership of a group of former Nazi officials and army officers. One group is estimated to have a membership of 15,000. Its activities have been directed at sabotaging Allied lines of communication, including railroads. The second organization, active mainly in the British zone, specializes in sabotaging production in the factories. The third group, which is made up in part of railroad workers and river-traffic employees, has as its objective to slow up coal exports. Aside from these specific assignments, the Nazi movement has set three goals: (1) to sabotage denazification and thus assure the continuance in public office of men who merit the confidence of the movement; (2) to spy on German officials in public and private and exercise continual pressure on them by means of threats of reprisal; lest these threats be taken lightly, the Nazis have even carried out a few summary executions of Germans found guilty of "collaboration" with the occupation authorities; (3) to sabotage the industrial and agricultural administrations, now supervised by the Allies, so that when control reverts to the Germans, their harried directors will be ready to assign key administrative posts to Nazis.

The Nazis are particularly at ease in the American zone. The denazification order has never been applied effectively; finding the job irksome, the Americans turned it over to the Germans themselves. As a result, of 600,000 Nazis screened in the American zone by the end of 1946, less than two dozen received heavy sen-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tences; 85 per cent got off with no punishment at all. In my article of a year ago I said that the Nazis were most adept at fooling the Americans. Now one of the best-informed American correspondents has made the same charge. Ten days ago in a dispatch from Frankfurt to the Paris edition of the *Herald Tribune* William Attwood wrote: "In the smaller towns incompetent officers with no knowledge of this country, its language, or psychology, whose German mistresses guide their decisions and whose German interpreters carry them out, are the everyday symbols of American democracy." Little wonder that the French press commented as follows: "When responsible American leaders publicly express their admiration for German strivings toward democracy, they are mocking their audience and their own noble words. Democracy in the American zone means letting the Nazis do as they please."

In recent weeks several British and American spokesmen have expressed a desire for cooperation with Russia. But speeches will not suffice at the Moscow conference. There the Western representatives will have to answer specific questions: Will the Rhineland-Westphalia industry be controlled by the Big Four in the interest of peace and the reconstruction of Europe, or by the Big Two of the West in the interest of bloc-building which will benefit only aggressive German nationalism? Will denazification continue to be measured by the columns of meaningless figures published each time there is criticism of present Allied policy toward Germany, or will it be carried through vigorously in accordance with a plan drawn up by all the occupying powers? The conferees will be judged by their answers to these questions. France's answers, as far as I have been able to establish them, will be clear and unequivocal.

A Faith to Live By

II. INSTITUTIONS AND MEN

BY CORD MEYER, JR.

FOR one who cannot accept the dogmas of any established creed or authoritarian party it is no easy thing to define the faith by which one lives, even to oneself. It is impossible to recommend it to others. All that can be done is to identify those often unconscious assumptions which save one from despair or from a life spent in satisfying the desire for wealth and power.

Yet in a time like our own, with its intimations of disaster, the need for articulation of the underlying beliefs that determine conduct is urgent. A process of change too rapid to calculate calls in question the accepted standards of behavior. The living generation of men will never know the luxury of being able to lead a placid and conventional existence. Each man will have to search deep for the convictions to sustain him in a violent and uncertain future.

The simple optimism that has been characteristic of America will not suffice. The naive identification of human progress with advances in scientific ingenuity has been compromised by two world wars and growing terror at the prospect of a third. Not even the most superficial observer can maintain that the discovery of atomic energy is an unmixed blessing. It is becoming undeniably apparent that the power over nature achieved by science is also power over men, and that such power can be used for good or evil. The faith in material progress that has industrialized a continent reveals its immaturity, as the peace and happiness it was to assure seems ever more remote among the wreckage of recurring economic depressions and wars of rising ferocity.

Two broad explanations of what has happened now compete for acceptance. They find expression in militant faiths, each with its consistent body of doctrine, its organization, and its demand for the unquestioning obedience of the faithful. One school of thought maintains that the cause of the world's ills lies in the institutional structure of modern society. Inherited forms of economic and governmental organization are seen to be inadequate for the fulfilment of new needs. Attempts to perpetuate anachronistic property rights or to preserve the prerogatives of absolute national sovereignty are asserted to be at the root of all our misfortunes. Like prison walls, these institutions are held to degrade and distort the unfortunate human beings that are compelled to live within them. Socialists and Communists point out that with the growth of large industry private ownership of the means of production has reduced the majority to dependence on an avaricious minority and created explosive tensions between the working and owning classes that can only be resolved by production for use instead of for profit. The supporters of world government assert that the complete independence of the nation-state in an interdependent world can only be maintained at the price

CORD MEYER, Jr., a veteran of World War II, is a junior fellow of Harvard University. He is a director of Americans United for World Government.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of ever more frequent and devastating wars, in which the bewildered citizens are ordered to fight in defense of the pitiless abstraction that is national sovereignty.

Whatever the particular institution that is criticized, this point of view assumes that it is not human nature but the social environment that is at fault. The faith exists that the defects in the environment can be correctly identified and remedied by determined political action. The obstacles that stand between men and their achievement of happiness are said to be their own ignorance and apathy and the opposition of those few who benefit from the established order. It remains only to educate and lead the many and to overthrow the parasitic few in order to create the good society. Of those who believe in this salvation through reason and social action, there are some so convinced of their own infallibility that they are willing to kill and betray millions in the certainty that the golden future will redeem their crimes.

In contrast to this active faith is the religious point of view. It attributes the disasters of the present time to a lack of moral restraint resulting from a loss of religious belief. The only kind of reform considered lasting is reform from within. There is a distrust of mechanistic solutions and a conviction that not by political action but by a rebirth of the spirit of charity and love can mankind save itself from the fate to which it seems doomed by its selfish passions. To this believer no revolutionary change in governments or economics can found the good society. It can only be built, slowly if at all, on a growing number of devoted individuals bound together by a common respect for the human personality based on their belief in the Fatherhood of God. The individual is held to be morally responsible for his actions, and humble contrition rather than an arrogant assertion of his infallibility can alone relieve his guilt. Finally, there is in this religious attitude a tendency to be resigned to the inevitable evils which are believed to flow from the inherent sinfulness of man and to transfer all hope for a better life from this world to another beyond death.

For one who cannot accept completely either the religious or the revolutionary attitude there are aspects of both that provide the basis for a modest faith and a sober hope. To me it seems that the revolutionist, the political reformer, forgets that his indignation at the prevailing disorder and injustice which is his motive for action has its origins in a religious ideal. The Marxian dialectic never told us why anyone should risk death to bring the inevitable to pass. Whenever revolutionary action is genuine and more than a way to personal power, it is motivated by a sympathy for human beings that has its roots in the teachings of the great religious leaders and not in logical reasoning.

The revolutionary is certainly naive when he mistakes the institutional change he advocates for a guaranty of lasting human happiness. He can only create the conditions that make possible a happier way of life. Whether that opportunity is realized depends on the quality of the men involved. If they are sufficiently honest and disinterested, much may be accomplished. If they are not, there is ample evidence that a great deal of blood can be spilled to overturn one form of tyranny only to establish another. The Communist is perhaps the most unrealistically utopian of all reformers in his conviction that ownership of the means of production by the workers will in itself bring about a new era of harmony among men. It is this fanatical conviction that leads him into the most dangerous of all illusions—the belief that he is justified in using any means to achieve his end. The means used inevitably modify and compromise the end.

Yet the limitations of what can be accomplished by institutional change do not mean that it is unnecessary or that no improvement is possible. In his concern for the integrity of the individual the moralist neglects the reality that violence and oppression are needlessly exaggerated by conditions that intelligent action can modify. The failure to adapt ancient laws to the continuous growth of society has created forces that play like idiot tyrants with our lives. It is not necessary to wait for a moral regeneration of mankind in order to right some of these wrongs. Millions of men, for example, have not destroyed one another in battle simply because they were motivated by greed or a lust for power. They were set against one another by the uncontrollable conflicts created by the extravagant claims of their governments to absolute independence; and if they can come to see this fact, there is hope that killing may become a crime rather than a duty.

When avoidable evils are not perceived by the critical intelligence, there is a tendency to believe men more depraved than they actually are and to ascribe to deliberate intention what is in reality the pitiable result of remediable ignorance. In times of sudden transition like our own, when the waves of change smash with rising fury against the stubborn restraint of traditional patterns, the temptation is to resign oneself to the prevailing chaos. There is comfort in a retreat from the tragic stage and consolation for ruined hopes in the prospect of another life.

Such resignation is not justified. Human nature is admittedly weak and inadequate, and the mature man will recognize that no sudden and spectacular improvement in the ways of the world is possible. Yet men are capable of a better existence than they now lead. To be among those who help them find it is the task not only of the political reformer but of the Christian believer. The test of a belief is its expression in action, and those who are moved by sympathy and respect for their fellowmen have no right to be content with a personal integrity preserved by a fictitious retreat from the struggle. In the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

words of Silone, "He is saved who overcomes his individual egoism, family egoism, caste egoism, does not shut himself in a cloister or build himself an ivory tower, or make a cleavage between his way of acting and his way of thinking. He is saved who frees his own spirit from the idea of resignation to the existing disorder."

The difficulty is to preserve faith without illusion. One does not have to believe in continuous and inevitable progress in order to remain convinced of the unrealized possibilities of the human spirit. It may be that in our lifetime modern society will be utterly destroyed in an atomic war. But, as in the past, new civilizations will rise on the ruins of the old, and those that will build them will be led by the indestructible vision of what men are capable of becoming in contrast to what they are.

Farewell to New York

BY KAY BOYLE

EVER since the beginning I have kept clear of Longchamps in whatever street it lay, so that when the Spaniard—to whom I shall never cease paying homage—said it would be simpler to meet at the one which lay halfway between our two directions, I believed I could not bring myself to go. But I knew it could never be entirely Longchamps as long as the Spaniard, who carried his pride and his history with him, was in the place; so at six o'clock I crossed with the green light at the corner. There was winter darkness on the avenue outside, but as soon as you went through the revolving doors the gilt and glitter leaped to meet you like the blaze of a jewelry counter in a ten-cent store. Just inside stood the imitation fruit-and-vegetable cart trying to give the genteel commotion the air of a musical-comedy market square—with the bounty and gaiety that should entail—and not succeeding. The Spaniard was waiting on the other side of the vegetable wagon, and in spite of the crowd he found a table nearly at once, and the waiter who mourned on the outskirts was stricken with an even deeper grief that we had pushed our way far into the corner to it and sat down.

"We would like tea with lemon, and some pastry," the Spaniard said. It was clear right away that we asked for something far too simple. It would be too easy, too agreeable a thing to bring tea and pastry at this time of day. *This time next week,* I believe the Spaniard went on saying, *you will be in France. I have some letters to friends for you in my pocket—poets, writers, political exiles,* he said. *I wish I could be with you, but tell them I will be there certainly by spring. In the spring,* he said, as if the intentions of men would change with the season, *the last act will be played in Spain, and the ending will be a good one.*

KAY BOYLE is the author of many novels and short stories. "Crazy Hunter," "Primer for Combat," and "Avalanche" are some of her recent books.

"You can't just order pastry," said the waiter who stood beside the table. He was young, but his voice was as testy as that of an old woman. "You have to look at the menu and order the kind of cake you want."

"Stop," said the Spaniard gently, for I had already got up from my chair in my impatience. He laid one hand on my arm and drew me down into my seat again, and he looked up into the waiter's face. "Young man, be polite. Let us be polite to each other," he said.

The instant the words were spoken the waiter's face altered. In the short time he had been in this brilliant palace he had forgotten so much, he had forgotten his entire youth perhaps, and the Spaniard's words recalled his memories to him.

"Yes, of course, you are right," the waiter said. He stood looking in amazement and happiness at the Spaniard. He had absolutely forgotten that people had ever spoken to each other that way.

But the Spaniard, being accustomed to saying the words which recalled men to themselves, had forgotten the waiter almost at once, and now he was thinking of France again.

"This time next week in France," said the Spaniard, "remember the French know better than any other nation of men that in political exiles there exists a special devotion. An artist suffers guilt and loneliness when he is alienated from his country, but the artist has a spiritual terrain of silence which is native to him, and which he can turn to in any country where he is. But if a political man no longer stands on his own country's soil, he is maimed and mute, and he must be a great believer in a great faith in order to survive."

The waiter, with exceptional gentleness, put the tea and the cake down before us, and we began to eat at once, and while we ate, the Spaniard told me the story of the exiles in Paris who went to have their identity photographs taken in the rue du Palais.

"There is a little photograph shop where they do it there," he said. "They have a sign hanging out saying:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Six minutes to wait and thirty francs to pay.' So you go in through a contraption like a subway stile, one foreigner after another, an endless string of outcasts paying thirty francs each as they go. It was a cold December day this time that we went, a dozen or so of us who had survived Franco and Vichy, and so still had a name and an identity. But some of us didn't have overcoats, and we walked with our jacket collars turned up around our ears, and our hands in our pockets, knocking our feet together to keep the blood from stopping in the cold.

Drawing by Wilson

Have some pastry," said the Spaniard quickly. "My God, I can feel the cold now. Have some tea. Even after two years I can feel the cold." So they filed into the photograph place, he went on saying, and one by one, like a chain-gang passing, they paid their money down on the counter and passed into the booths beyond. "There was our group of Spaniards, and there were men from other countries, too," he said. "Czechs, Poles, students who might have been Hungarians once, and men with dark skins from the colonies. Exiles," he said, "eternally seeking to persuade themselves and others by means of a likeness reproduced on paper that they still had the right to a name and a physiognomy."

Into the curtained booths they passed, one after another, and fixed their eyes on the spot the woman indicated, and faced the mirrors and the glare. And once the invisible camera had opened and closed, they moved again, one by one, in single file, their shoulders hunched, their hands thrust in their pockets for warmth, to wait the six minutes huddled against the wall.

"And then the strange thing happened," the Spaniard said. "The finished photographs would come out of a slot in the photographic machine, strip after strip, and a girl with scissors in her hand would pick them up and glance through the crowd for the face as she cut them quickly. And the man to whom they belonged would push forward through the others, and take his photographs still damp and limp in his hand, and look at them curiously and uneasily, with a little display of the vanity he had left, and go out into the cold again. And then, suddenly a strip of photographs came out which belonged to no one in the place," said the Spaniard. He took a great swallow of his tea. "The girl with the scissors waved the little handful of photographs in the air, and no one went forward to claim them. 'He must be here. Where is he?' she said. 'Let him come through to get them. This is holding everybody up.' She raised the photographs up high so that we all could see him, a thin, tired-looking young man with long black hair that he hadn't had the time or money to get cut, with a foulard knotted around his neck. He was certainly not in the photograph shop with us. None of us had seen him there. And then one of the Spaniards standing beside me in the crowd made a queer sound in his throat, and he called out: 'I knew him. We came from the same town, we went to school together. He was killed in Durango in 1936.' There was silence in the place," said the Spaniard, "and then the girl said, 'Are you trying to make a fool out of me?' But she did not say any more, and she put the photographs of the man who wasn't there aside. Then she picked up the next strip, and clipped it, and the one after that, and the men they belonged to pushed their way through the crowd and got them, and went out the door. But with the third strip the same thing happened—there was the photograph of a young man who wasn't in the room with us. He had a beard, and a scar down one side of his face, and another of the Spaniards called out, 'That's Amaro. That's my brother. He was shot in Guernica.' The girl did not say anything that time because the tears were running down his cheeks," said the Spaniard. "But the next strip, and the strip after that, it was just the same, and at the sight of the unclaimed photographs the voices would call out from the crowd in the shop, 'That's José Casals. I was with him in Madrid before they got him.' Or, 'That is Rámon Rodriquez. They killed him at Almeria.' They were there," said the Spaniard, "in spite of death. When we go out now, with our bellies full, we will find them in the dark, for they are always there."

The Spaniard gave me the letters he had written to his friends, and we went out, and we said goodby at the top of the subway steps in the rain. "Write," he said. And his eyes were sad and bright in the city darkness.

So I write you now, Spaniard, that if I feel guilt it is not because I am a writer alienated from the soil of my own country for a little, but because there are writers and poets to whom the invitation to speak was given, a long time ago, and they made their answers.

"You are all mad," wrote Ezra Pound in 1937. "Spain is an emotional luxury to a gang of sap-headed dilettantes." "If I were a Spaniard I should be fighting for Franco," wrote Evelyn Waugh in the same year. "As an Englishman I am not in the predicament of choosing between two evils. I am not a fascist nor shall I become one unless it were the only alternative to Marxism." And T. S. Eliot opened the door a little way and whispered: "While I am naturally sympathetic, I still feel convinced that it is best that at least a few men of letters should remain isolated, and take no part in these collective activities." *

* "Author Take Sides," edited by Nancy Cunard, *Left Review*, London, 1937.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Busting the Aluminum Trust

BY BRYANT PUTNEY

Washington, February 27

AT A time when big business is rapidly getting bigger, it is pleasant to report that the most powerful monopoly of all is on the skids. Within the last twelve months competition has come to the aluminum industry; new producers are challenging the absolute rule exercised for half a century by the Aluminum Company of America. If the initial successes of the government's campaign against the aluminum monopoly are followed by early and vigorous action in the courts, the Truman Administration can win its biggest anti-trust victory. And an industry already four times as large as it was before the war can look forward to still greater expansion in the years ahead.

What has happened in the aluminum industry in the last few months provides dramatic evidence that the de-monopolizing process is an effective way of putting more men to work, creating new industrial markets, stimulating mass consumption—in short, that it pays dividends to the entire country in the form of higher living standards. "The preliminary results of the aluminum program," the Senate Small Business Committee pointed out a few weeks ago, "make an unanswerable argument for a strong national campaign against monopoly and the concentration of economic power."

When the Germans marched into Poland, the fifty-one-year-old aluminum industry was still small. With Alcoa the sole domestic producer of the primary metal, output amounted to less than 1 per cent of the country's steel production. Although potentially the most abundant metal on earth, aluminum was the principal raw material for only a few products—notably airplanes and cooking utensils. Its limited use at that time could be explained by the experience of the automobile industry. The automobile makers had cut the amount of aluminum in the average car from around seventy-five pounds in 1915 to eight pounds in 1939. They would have preferred to use more of a metal weighing only a third as much as steel, but when Alcoa arbitrarily raised its price from 19 cents a pound to 33 cents in 1915, they discovered the danger of relying on a single source of supply and turned to other materials. Alcoa's monopolistic position, besides penalizing the car-buying public, destroyed a market which would have absorbed the entire output of the aluminum industry in 1939.

BRYANT PUTNEY, a Washington writer, was formerly connected with Editorial Research Reports.

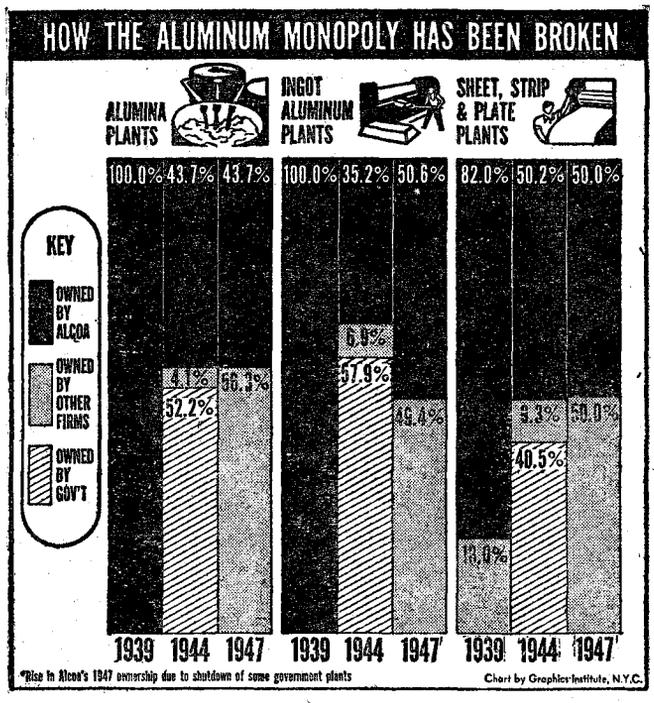
War demands necessitated a larger expansion of aluminum capacity than of any other major industrial metal. Although Alcoa resisted expansion for many months, with incalculable harm to the war effort, it finally took advantage of extremely favorable amortization laws and tripled its plant. Meanwhile the government had spent $670,000,000 to build facilities which dwarfed Alcoa's investment and brought total capacity to seven times its pre-war size—various types of fabricating facilities were expanded as much as forty-five times. When the war ended, the government owned over half the industry's capacity, most of its plants having been designed, built, and operated by Alcoa.

In opposing expansion in 1940-41 Alcoa officials contended that war-built plants would stand idle in peace time for lack of markets. But before the Missouri entered Tokyo harbor, the company was seeking to extend its leases on some of the most desirable government plants and thus freeze out post-war competitors. A few months earlier—in March, 1945—a federal court of final appeal had handed down a long-awaited decision holding Alcoa to be an illegal monopoly in the production of aluminum ingot. (The court postponed issuance of a dissolution order, however, until the effects of the government's plant-disposal program on the competitive situation should become known.) Backed by this decision, the government canceled Alcoa's leases in August, 1945, and put the surplus plants on the auction block.

An epic struggle followed—with Alcoa battling desperately to preserve its dominance, and the government forces, led by Surplus Property Administrator Symington, determined to break the company's strangle-hold. The fight revolved around the disposition of the huge government plant at Hurricane Creek, Arkansas. Using processes patented by Alcoa, this plant crushed low-grade Arkansas bauxite into alumina—the powder from which the pure metal is made—at costs low enough to compete with the alumina produced by Alcoa in its own plants from high-grade ore. By preventing the Reynolds Metals Company from leasing the plant Alcoa hoped to cut off the supplies needed to operate government ingot plants and thus block the entire disposal program. Alcoa, of course, flatly refused to release its patents unless the government agreed either to dismiss the anti-trust suit and end the threat of dissolution or to allow the company to take over some of the surplus plants.

The struggle continued for many weeks. Finally Symington called Alcoa's hand. In a letter to Senator O'Mahoney dated January 6, 1946, with copies to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



press, he accused the company of "using its patents to obstruct the Reynolds transaction." He added, "No disposal of any plants to competitors will be possible unless Alcoa changes its attitude, or unless the courts, acting under the Sherman act, reorganize Alcoa so that its monopolistic power is broken." Four days later Alcoa threw in its cards, offering to grant royalty-free licenses on the strategic patents. (But because Alcoa still is holding out for the right to use any patent improvements developed by other companies, the license agreements have not yet actually been signed.)

With the deadlock broken, Reynolds at once signed a lease on Hurricane Creek, bought or leased seven ingot and fabricating plants—Reynolds has fabricated aluminum for many years—and began to produce the primary metal on a small scale in 1941. Henry Kaiser's Permanente Metals Corporation also entered the field, leasing the remaining government alumina plant, at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and taking over two ingot plants and a rolling mill in the state of Washington. Six fabricating plants were disposed of to smaller companies, and Alcoa was permitted to buy another. By the end of 1946 Reynolds and Kaiser had taken over all of the government's primary aluminum facilities—except several uneconomical plants—and all surplus sheet mills; together they controlled slightly over half the industry's facilities for producing raw aluminum.

In the space of a few months the beginnings of competition within the industry have brought about remarkable changes in the market outlook. Because there are three primary producers instead of one—and four times as much metal as before the war—aluminum is finding hundreds of new uses. It is going into freight cars, shingles, deep-freeze units, canoes, garage doors, and curling irons, to name only a few. Before the war the country had produced a total of 25,000 aluminum window frames, but one Arizona company, buying its metal from Reynolds's Phoenix plant, now turns out as many every three days. The amount of aluminum currently going into housing materials alone is larger than our total annual output in pre-war years. With mills running full blast, producers are struggling to stay abreast of orders; delivery on some items takes a year.

Although rumors persist that a price rise is imminent, Alcoa has given no sign of returning to its pre-war policy of charging what it believed the traffic ought to bear. So far, the threat of dissolution and the changed conditions within the industry have been sufficient to prevent aluminum prices from skyrocketing like those of other metals. (During the First World War, when imports were cut off and demand soared, Alcoa brazenly raised its price from 19 to 38 cents a pound; between 1925 and 1940, with costs never exceeding 11½ cents, the company sold its product at prices ranging from 19 to 29 cents.) At present pig aluminum is still selling at the 1942 price of 14 cents—the lowest in history—and because of high-volume output the producers are making good profits. The favorable price is a stimulus to new uses, and aluminum is displacing steel, copper, and other expensive metals in a wide variety of products.

If genuine competition develops, further tremendous expansion is altogether probable within a few years. The automobile industry is again beginning to turn to aluminum, particularly for trucks and buses. Once the manufacturers are convinced that they no longer need to dance to Alcoa's tune, they will step up their demands enormously. Alcoa's engineers estimate that 500 pounds of aluminum can be advantageously used in a medium-sized passenger car—for doors, wheels, hood, and numerous engine parts—without materially changing designs or production machinery. At that rate of consumption twice the present aluminum output would be needed for the automobile industry alone.

The latent demand of the railroad industry has hardly begun to be felt. Use of aluminum is now limited mainly to passenger-car bodies on a few streamliners. But an aluminum hopper car can carry six and one-half more tons of coal than a steel car—and the sulphur in coal will not corrode aluminum as it does steel. An aluminum box car can be loaded with five to ten extra tons of freight. Ten such cars recently delivered to the Chicago and Alton were so efficient that they were put to use as express cars on passenger trains.

Only an acute shortage of metal prevented the navy from building the aluminum destroyer its architects developed in 1941. Alcoa is now erecting a plate mill to supply the wants of an almost untouched market in shipbuilding. Within a few years aluminum bulkheads like those in the Normandie will no longer be excep-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tional nor will aluminum decks and gangways. Housing likewise offers a vast market. Aluminum already is coming into wide use for roofing, siding, hardware, storm sash, screens, and other items. Construction of all-aluminum industrialized houses like those planned by Fuller, Lincoln, and Consolidated-Vultee will create a still greater demand.

But if the aluminum industry is to realize its almost limitless potentialities, Alcoa's monopoly must be completely smashed. Temporarily at least the company's two chief competitors depend on it for some of their raw materials. Kaiser is counting on Alcoa to supply nearly all of his 1947 bauxite requirements—under a contract that can be canceled on sixty days' notice. Even after they have developed economical and dependable bauxite supplies, Kaiser and Reynolds will be in a precarious competitive position. For Alcoa, besides controlling practically all high-grade domestic bauxite, owns a fleet of ships which can bring in foreign ores at low costs. Its power costs, a crucial factor in ingot production, are lower than those of its new rivals. And if it chooses, Alcoa can call upon its affiliate, the Aluminum Company of Canada, for aid in driving competitors to the wall. Thanks to war-time expansion subsidized by the United States, British, and Australian governments, the Canadian company is now the world's largest raw-aluminum producer, and its costs are so low—less than 7 cents a pound—that the present 3-cent tariff could not prevent it from invading the American market.

Congress could bolster Alcoa's competitors and pave the way for expansion of the industry by carrying out the recent recommendations of the Senate Small Business Committee, which are that the bauxite tariff be lifted; that a special government corporation be created to replace the bungling War Assets Administration in winding up the plant-disposal program; and that the St. Lawrence and other public-power projects be speedily approved, in order to furnish the low-cost energy needed to put a number of ingot plants back into operation and make possible the construction of others. Even in the unlikely event that this aid should be forthcoming, however, the independents would still face formidable obstacles in cutting down Alcoa's lead. Attorney General Clark's advice to Congress a year and a half ago is still sound: "The best answer to the problem is to subdivide the company into efficient but competing units. Only in such a climate will the aluminum industry be able to operate, new and old assured of a fair opportunity to live and thrive."

Before long Alcoa will probably petition for dismissal of the pending anti-trust case. The government should head off this move by asking the court to order the company's dissolution without further delay. The job of de-monopolizing aluminum, now well started, should be finished.

India Comes into Its Own

BY SHIVA RAO

New Delhi, February 24

IN ANALYZING the Indian situation a month ago I pointed out the many uncertain factors in it. In the meantime the Moslem League, ignoring the gesture of the Congress Party, has decided to demand the dissolution of the Constituent Assembly, asserting that its decisions are invalid and illegal. The princes seemed tempted at one stage to follow the Moslem League's example and boycott the Constituent Assembly—a procedure which would have greatly strengthened Churchill's hand—but some important states have adopted the courageous line of negotiating directly with Nehru and his committee concerning their representation. Thus of the four main groups—the Congress Party, the Moslem League, the smallest minorities, and the princes—all except the League and possibly some princes clearly accept the Constituent Assembly.

The Congress leaders could with reason have asked for an immediate break-up of the coalition. Appeasement of the Moslem League could obviously go no farther. The interim government was divided into two hostile sections, and administration was virtually at a standstill. Nehru and eight of his colleagues, including three representatives of minorities outside the Congress, finally told the Viceroy that there was no room in the government for both them and the Moslem League's nominees. The Viceroy communicated with the Labor government, and Attlee announced the results of the discussions in the House of Commons last week.

The Congress Party had raised the point of the propriety of the Moslem League remaining in office while repudiating the Constituent Assembly. The Moslem League had demanded the dissolution of the Constituent

SHIVA RAO, correspondent in India for The Nation *and the Manchester* Guardian, *is on the staff of the* Hindu *of Madras.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Assembly, taking its cue from Churchill and the Tories. Attlee faced neither question positively. Instead, he adopted an entirely new line. He fixed the precise date for the British withdrawal from India as not later than June 19, 1948. And he took the unprecedented step of terminating Lord Wavell's career as Viceroy, explaining that it was only a war-time appointment and that the present juncture was an appropriate one for a change. Lord Mountbatten will relieve Lord Wavell next month and prepare the ground for the final transfer of power next year.

Caricature by Seligson

Lord Mountbatten

Churchill's intemperate outburst about Wavell's dismissal has only complicated an extremely difficult situation. The Congress leaders' ultimatum to the Viceroy clearly meant that they would resign if the Moslem League stayed in office. Wavell's sympathies ever since he assumed office have been with the Moslem League. The resignation of the Congress from the interim government would inevitably have been followed by its abandoning office in nine provinces out of eleven. Once that occurred, nothing could have prevented the Congress Party from renewing the struggle against the League on a mass scale.

Could Britain have controlled the situation under those circumstances? Attlee and the Cabinet obviously ruled out allowing such a development. What was the alternative? To compel the Moslem League to quit office —logically the correct policy—would have meant the lesser disaster, but disaster it would have been, with the interim government already hard put to administer the country. Attlee's declaration has one supreme merit: it keeps both the Congress Party and the Moslem League functioning inside the government. The spectacular step of dismissing the Viceroy, as Churchill unwisely put it, should not obscure this important point.

Nehru's reaction is significant. He called the declaration "wise" and "courageous," removing "all misconception and suspicion and bringing reality and a certain dynamic quality into the present situation." He renewed the invitation to the Moslem League to give up suspicion and fear and become "partners in this historic undertaking." The moment British rule disappears, declared Nehru, the responsibility for governing India will automatically devolve on the Indian people. Toward Britain he made a generous gesture. Earnestly hoping that the long past with its conflicts and ill-will was over, he looked forward "to a peaceful and cooperative transition and to the establishment of close and friendly relations with the British people for the mutual advantage of both countries and for the advancement of the cause of peace and freedom throughout the world."

I asked Nehru yesterday about his plans for the future. He said he would first see whether the Moslem League enters the Constituent Assembly. If it does, Attlee's stipulation that the constitution must be framed by a fully representative Assembly will be satisfied. Britain can then, without further argument, transfer power.

I drew Nehru's attention to the statement of a prominent member of the Moslem League who said he appreciated the friendliness of Nehru's latest appeal but felt that only the recognition of Pakistan would solve the problem. Though Jinnah has not spoken and the League's executive has not yet met to consider Attlee's statement, as it will shortly, the pledge to transfer power by June of next year "to some form of central government for British India as a whole or in some areas to the existing provincial governments" may encourage the League to remain out of the Constituent Assembly. In that case Nehru will recommend to the Assembly that it proceed on a somewhat different basis.

Under the British Cabinet's long-term plan the union center government would control only three subjects—defense, external affairs, and communications—with the finance necessary for administration. If the Constituent Assembly without the League is not fully representative, there is no point in working for a weak center. The Assembly, therefore, while continuing to function, will not feel bound by compromises intended to attract the Moslem League. It will probably frame a constitution conceding the provinces the largest measure of autonomy but at the same time leave to the federal government at the center greater authority than the Labor government has recommended. Such a constitution would be acceptable to at least eight provinces and to a number of states.

What will the Moslem League do? Jinnah will wait for the parliamentary debates on India—as will the Congress leaders. He will await, too, the final outcome of the League's move to defy the Punjab ministry's restrictions on the formation of so-called volunteer corps —really private armies. Successful defiance will mean the League's control of the Punjab. A similar movement has already begun in the adjoining Northwestern Frontier Province, which is separated from Afghanistan by the Khyber Pass. Jinnah doubtless reckons that these efforts may bring all northwestern India from Karachi to Peshawar, including four provinces, under the League. What he has not considered is that the Hindus and Sikhs inhabiting this area will not meekly accept Moslem rule. So far the Punjab has escaped the horrors of large-scale riots like those that took place in Behar and Bengal. There is no guaranty that this immunity will continue if the Moslem League's direct-action campaign proves effective.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For the moment, however, Attlee has averted a major crisis in India by dropping Lord Wavell and fixing the date for British withdrawal. Congress leaders, including Nehru, will give Mountbatten time to formulate plans for that event. They expect him to recede into the background and gradually shed the autocratic powers of the Viceroy. They hope that the interim government will function effectively under Nehru's leadership. At present, owing to internal strains and frictions, grave social and economic problems do not receive the prompt and energetic attention they deserve.

Mountbatten must act quickly and boldly when he replaces Wavell in order to insure what Nehru calls "peaceful and cooperative transition." He must treat Nehru's government as if India were a full-fledged dominion preparing to leave the British Commonwealth next year.

IN ONE EAR

BY LOU FRANKEL

THE Public Affairs Committee is, as most people know, a non-profit, educational organization devoted to providing the "facts" on just about everything in the field of economics and sociology. One of its more effective activities is publishing a series of "Public Affairs Pamphlets," at 10 cents each. And one of the better of these pamphlets (No. 121) is "Radio Is Yours" by Jerome H. Spingarn, formerly an attorney on the staff of the Federal Communications Commission, a man who knows more than a little about radio and who has written on it for *The Nation*.

"Radio Is Yours," to the great pain of commercial broadcasters, proves that radio is no gift from the industry to the public. It says:

> The public spent $25 for receiving equipment to every $1 which the broadcasters spent for transmitting equipment. The listeners' upkeep bill, too, was larger than the advertiser's. He spent 3 cents a day per receiver to the advertiser's 2 cents.

And if you've been hearing some of those awful spots about "advertising being essential to your job" that have been cluttering up the air, or if you've been reading what broadcasters have been saying about the FCC, you'll be interested in this remark made by Herbert Hoover when he was Secretary of Commerce, quoted by Mr. Spingarn:

> It is inconceivable that we should allow so great a possibility for service, for news, for entertainment, for education, and for vital commercial purposes to be drowned in advertising chatter.

In thirty-one tightly written pages "Radio Is Yours" gives an excellent review of commercial radio, soap operas, and the famous FCC "Blue Book" of last year. It points out that as far back as 1928 the Federal Radio Commission, which later became the FCC, made it clear that "listeners are given no protection unless it is given to them by this commission."

A lucid account of the discussion of public issues on the radio defines the FCC's responsibility:

> Thus the responsibility for managing a station and for observing and enforcing the principles of free speech rests upon the shoulders, not of the government, but of the station licensee. If he fails to give fair play, recourse can be had to the FCC, which makes an over-all review of the station's pubic service. It cannot order a station to give time to such and such a person or to put such and such a program on the air. It can, however, revoke a license or deny a renewal.

Illuminating paragraphs on the radio lobby describe the political and network pressures applied. Here is an interesting item:

> Radio broadcasting is one of the most profitable industries in the country. In 1945 the four major and five regional networks . . . realized a broadcast income of $20,842,506 on an original investment of $14,531,288.

There is information on newspapers and radio, on FM, on the rights of the listener to good programs, on the activities of listeners' groups and radio councils, and there is a fairly detailed account of the operation of the fabulously successful Community Radio Council in Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

Finally there are these important words:

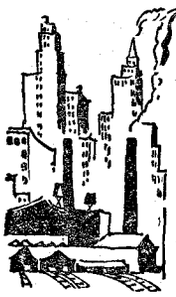
> When groups or individuals feel that their local radio stations have failed to live up to their obligations to the public, they have a weapon that few of them realize is at hand. *They can ask the FCC to hold a hearing on the station's application for renewal and appear as witnesses.* Recently the FCC has held a few of its hearings in the field. If this practice is continued it will serve to encourage greater popular interest in radio administration.

But probably the chief reason why the radio industry dislikes "Radio Is Yours" is that Mr. Spingarn, in a recommended bibliography, lists "The Hucksters."

For copies of "Radio Is Yours" write the Public Affairs Committee, 22 East Thirty-eighth Street, New York 16, New York.

Prelude to Moscow, a special program giving background information about the Moscow conference of the Big Four Foreign Ministers, will be aired by the CBS Documentary Unit on Sunday, March 9, at 1 p.m., E.S.T. This is the unit that last week presented The Eagle's Brood, about juvenile delinquency, and in October dealt with domestic fascism in a program called The Empty Noose.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Where's That Buyers' Market?

AROUND the turn of the year there was a great hullabaloo, particularly in the business and financial press, about the approaching end of inflation. Big headlines were used to play up small price cuts; impressive articles assured us that the mounting tide of production was about to force down the cost of living; post-holiday department-store sales were hailed as evidence of the end of the sellers' market.

Here are a few specimens of price trend-spotting culled from many in my files:

> Storm signals are blinking along the price shoals. This could be the beginning of the "readjustment" which people have been talking about.—*Business Week*, January 4.
>
> That dollar in Mr. Consumer's pocket is about to get stronger and more self-respecting. Pretty soon it will be buying a lot more things than now.—*Wall Street Journal*, January 16.
>
> There is mounting evidence in the files of the Washington fact-finders that prices generally have passed their peak, or certainly are approaching very close to the top level that may be expected.—Charles Hurd in the New York *Times*, January 12.

Toward the end of 1946 there was, it is true, a definite setback in food prices and almost sensational breaks in a few luxury items such as diamonds and furs. But simultaneous sharp increases in quotations for many industrial raw materials as well as numerous upward revisions in prices of finished goods made these cheery forecasts seem rather wishful. Very probably they were inspired in part at least by the desire to head off demands for higher wages. Their implied message to the workers was: Be patient, stay on the job, don't insist on more pay, and you will find the purchasing power of your dollars growing.

The workers have been showing a great deal of patience, but the bright hopes of lower living costs that were offered to them are fading. On January 15 the Bureau of Labor Statistics retail food index showed a decline of 1.1 per cent from the December 15, 1946, level. In the last five weeks, however, the trend has been all the other way, and the pressure on the housewife's purse will be still more severe when retail prices fully reflect the new highs established in wholesale markets. Just in the past week, between February 19 and 26, the *Journal of Commerce* index of thirty sensitive commodities has risen from 274.7 to 282.1, a new high. On November 19, 1946, it was 264.9.

There has been no lack of explanations for many of the price increases. The $30 quotation for hogs in Chicago, which has attracted so much attention, is attributed to the reduced pig crop in the spring of 1936. A box-car shortage and increased government buying for relief, because of deteriorating food conditions in Europe, are held responsible for the rise in wheat. Cold weather in the Midwest is blamed for the sharp rebound in butter prices, frosts in Florida for the recovery in citrus juices and tomatoes. However, "commodity analysts" quoted by the *Journal of Commerce* declare that although special reasons can be cited for recent price increases of individual commodities, "the explosive nature of the current burst in commodity prices can hardly be attributed to these factors alone." We must, they suggest, seek an explanation in "psychological factors." Toward the end of last year the air was filled with talk of an early recession, with the result that buyers became more cautious. Weeks passed, and no confirmatory evidence of a business setback appeared. Retail sales, railroad traffic, employment, and production, all stayed at high levels, and as a result business sentiment began to swing violently the other way.

The revival of inflationary psychology is particularly well illustrated in the textile field, where output is at record height, margins between costs and selling prices unusually wide, and earnings spectacular. With the growing availability of hard goods there was every reason to suppose that consumer appetites for soft goods would diminish, and many observers expected that textile prices would be among the first to be readjusted. Nevertheless, in the past few weeks we have seen cotton fibers, yarns and gray cloth, rayon yarns, and worsted fabrics all moving upward.

Commenting on the new highs hit by most commodity price indices, *Business Week* of February 22 complained: "That isn't what was supposed to happen with returning competition, and it's the opposite of what is needed for continuing good business. . . . Much healthier now would be the continuance of the shaking down that characterized December and early January. Booming business would cushion a good bit of readjustment without our really feeling it." It is also true that profits in most lines are now at levels which would permit price cutting and still leave stockholders some distance from the poorhouse. But while there is cream to be skimmed, business men are apt to forget about the plain-milk trade on which ultimately their fortunes must depend. So long as customers can be found at present prices, they instinctively resist "readjustment."

There is very little doubt that consumer resistance is increasing. The volume of retail sales is barely keeping up to last year's level, despite the much greater availability of goods, and the service and luxury trades have experienced a decided setback. These are warning signals that the leaders of business will ignore at their, and our, peril.

In a recent speech Dr. John D. Clark of the Presidential Board of Economic Advisers pointed out that while consumer incomes are not likely to increase this year, industrial production is expected to rise by 10 per cent. The main question, he said, is how to take the extra ten billion dollars of goods off the market. "If prices are not reduced and these goods pile up and business slackens, the price reductions will then take place but at the risk of a recession which, once started, might slip beyond our control." In other words, it is high time for business executives, particularly in those industries where price is determined by policy rather than by the interplay of market forces, to look for a safe path down from the inflationary heights. If they wait too long they may find the easy ways blocked and be forced to make a very precipitous descent.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS and the ARTS

Balzac in Limbo

BALZAC. By Stefan Zweig. Viking Press. $3.75.

THERE is still no good life of Balzac in English. For the sake of one, I wish I could convey the nature of my disappointment with Stefan Zweig's attempt. The book has been praised for qualities which it undoubtedly possesses: it is a straightforward and well-ordered story; it springs from genuine sympathy with its subject; it has dignity and judgment; and its fulness of detail is flawed by very few lapses in accuracy. And yet I feel that the work is a superficial, almost an empty book, which leaves Balzac strangely unknown —a book which, stranger still, leaves one's curiosity unaroused.

Superficial works on Balzac are not new; they began with the reminiscences of contemporaries, Léon Gozlan and others; and factual studies, friendly or unfriendly, fill many volumes. But fair or foul, they all succeed in testifying to a greater, or at least a denser, reality than Zweig's more balanced account. I cannot render my impression better than by saying that in Zweig's book we seem to be looking through an inverted opera glass. Costumed figures bestir themselves intelligibly, miniature objects show up in clear enough light, but the scene fails to move us because of the distance—a distance which in nature would prevent our seeing anything, and which is here overcome only by an optical device.

The device is perhaps the simple technique of modern biography, which Stefan Zweig himself did much to make universal. I mean the willingness to explain all about a man's invisible insides while leaving mystery and incoherence to pile up around his works and deeds. Zweig tells us several times that Balzac was the greatest writer of his age, but no less often that his "language and style remained irredeemably defective." At the same time we hear that Balzac carved "his plastic prose" by endless revisions in galley proof. These contradictions might conceivably stand, and might enlighten us, if we could examine with the biographer a sample of Balzac's work. But we are never given the chance. We hear of Balzac's wit, but are not offered a single morsel. In fact, I defy any reader of the book to remember anything that Balzac said —or even thought—on any but trivial subjects. For this great man has been somehow stripped into a case. To be sure, it is a case presented without malice or arrogance, but this negative merit does not raise the presentment to what Zweig intended or we hoped for—an illustrious life.

We know Zweig's intention from his clear and early statement of the "Balzac theme": his hero "will subordinate everything to the despotic sovereignty of his creative will." Brave words and very likely true, but requiring proof. The first bit of evidence put before us is unfortunate, for it is nothing more than Balzac's pretense to noble birth—a pretense common to French writers as far back as Racine and Voltaire, and which sprang rather from social compulsion than from the creative will. Later on we see will-power keeping Balzac at his desk and accomplishing the superhuman labors that finally killed him, but nowhere does Zweig come to grips with Balzac's own idea of the will. Calling it "grandiose" and "Promethean" does not help. It would have been better to tell us something about the psychiatric *idéologues* whom Balzac read, and to show us the difference between the doggedness that scribbles and the energy that creates. The prophetic fiction in which Balzac clothed both his conception and his feeling about will, "La Peau de chagrin," receives but casual mention, as do in fact most of Balzac's "imperishable masterpieces."

The biographer obviously assumes that everybody reads or has read Balzac. Nothing could be more mistaken. Zweig and literary Vienna, stirred up by Hugo von Hofmannsthal forty years ago, may have read Balzac for a time; novelists here and there, if they know French and if they are good enough critics to agree with Henry James that all the roads of modern fiction lead back to Balzac, will remain devotees; but in spite of a great reputation and a supposedly accessible and exciting "realism," Balzac is anything but a popular author.

For one thing, he belongs to the category of fruit that have a bitter rind: his opening chapters are almost invariably repellent. The great machine which will shortly carry you along lumbers at the start. Then the substance of his novels is scarcely what it seems or what these oppressive introductions suggest. You think you are plowing through a sociologist's report or an interior decorator's catalogue, while in fact you are being hypnotized into sharing a metaphysical sensation—the author's hatred of matter, of trade, of the cumbersomeness of human living. There is, indeed, genuine sensuality in Balzac, but it is the sensuality of a wit like Rabelais, not of a hotel manager like Arnold Bennett. That is why Zweig is much righter when he calls Balzac a peasant than when he inconsistently dubs him a bourgeois. But class names are opprobrious and misleading; we should say rather that it is not so much observation that constitutes Balzac's great gift: it is fantasy—verging sometimes on melodrama —which uses the real, or better, the commonplace, in order to make you fear and despise it. He himself said, "After all, one invents what turns out true," and the novelists he wanted to surpass were Scott and Hoffmann.

That Balzac's vision turns out to resemble the "panorama of an age" is all to the good, but if we read the "Comédie humaine" as literally as a textbook we falsify history. The justification for paraphrasing Dante's title lies in the vision. In both men it is intellectual passion that sweeps along, irresistibly, the factual rubbish and the reader too. And it is Balzac's passionate vision that we do not once glimpse through Stefan Zweig's pages. What we see is a laborious hack in misery, in love, in debt. His great capacity for folly, financial and amorous, is minutely though gently described; yet we never learn why his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sound perceptions produced such colossal disasters. It was neglect of detail, of course, lack of real interest in money, intrigue, and people—the very objects Balzac is supposed to pursue. He absorbed them, which is a different thing, and we accordingly ask: Where in this "Life" is Balzac's devouring imagination, where is the world of ideas—his own and others'—where is the uniqueness of his "disciplined artistic intelligence"?

Should we not be told what the romanticists meant by the real, the terrible, the fantastic, and why Balzac admired Hoffmann? The latter's "Tales" have just been reprinted (edited by Christopher Lazare, illustrated by Richard Lindner; Wyn, $7.50) with illustrations that show we do not understand what fantastic means; we make it pale and mawkish, or confuse it with the grotesque. Should we not also be made to recognize in the Gothic structure of the "Comédie humaine" the fact that Balzac's inspiration came through plot, character, or idea, since it has been found nearly impossible to arrange the separate novels in historical or biological order? The latest attempt by the veteran Balzac bibliographer, W. H. Royce ("Balzac as He Should Be Read," New York, Auguste Giraldi), is worth consulting, though it is marred in the first edition by too many typographical and other slips. There was need, moreover, for a discussion of Balzac's political ideas—even though unflattering to democracy—for they were a main concern in his life and a driving force in his writings.

In short, whether we start from Balzac's self-revelation or from the conventional view of the "Comédie" as an abstract of the times, we end up with a critical problem which Zweig's book leaves untouched. It is quite possible that Zweig, as a novelist *manqué*, had compelling reasons for not seeing it. He can hardly have thought that Balzac as a natural man was sufficiently interesting to warrant four hundred pages of text.

In the touching Postscript added by a friend we discover that in Zweig's earlier drafts there were parts when the biographer had been "tempted by his theme to sing an aria." These were cut out, on various advices which I deplore. For what we have now is *recitativo secco*, a dry recital which calls for, and makes us perpetually expect, a music that fails to resound.

JACQUES BARZUN

Our Native Fascists

THE PLOTTERS. By John Roy Carlson. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

"UNDER COVER" and now "The Plotters" are two reference volumes that should be in the library of every American anti-fascist, for they are invaluable guidebooks through the morasses of native fascist movements in this country. Congressional committees of inquiry appointed to investigate these movements have so conspicuously failed to discharge their assignment that Mr. Carlson's work is about our only source of accurate information. As a good reporter, he is particularly careful and painstaking about names, dates, and persons present; and as a sincere and devoted anti-fascist, he avoids the common mistake of dismissing as insignificant the crackpot manifestations of fascist thinking. With these volumes at hand, one can readily identify the individuals and the various "front" organizations which make up the native fascist network in America. Since this is a major accomplishment in itself, Mr. Carlson is obviously justified in the feeling of satisfaction in his own work which he never bothers to conceal.

While gratefully acknowledging Carlson's merits as a sleuth and watch dog, one can still be somewhat dismayed by his lack of a theoretical understanding of some of the issues which he discusses with such an annoying show of omniscience. One should always be grateful for good reporting in any field, but for good reporting to be raised to the level of social analysis, it should be informed by some framework of sound theory. It is here that Carlson's work falls far short of its goal and is, indeed, actually misleading. Not only is "The Plotters" devoid of ideas, but many of the opinions expressed are highly dubious. For example, Mr. Carlson cites "four main underlying causes" of the rise of native fascist movements in America—the rise of labor as a powerful voice in national and world affairs, the social advances of the New Deal which have aroused antagonism in certain quarters, the upsurge of the U. S. S. R., and "the gross treatment by the U. S. S. R. of religious values and church dogmas." This type of analysis is based, or might well be based, upon what the native fascists themselves advance as reasons for their actions. One looks in vain for a suggestion that the concentration of economic power in the United States and the economic pressures brought to bear upon the lower and middle classes might have some relevance to the problem.

This same uncertainty of analysis is shown in Carlson's amusingly vague definition of his own ideological position. He is "a voting, fighting, thinking, forward-looking, middle-road American," who adheres to what might be called the "for-all-its-faults" theory of capitalist society. "All factors considered, including its failings," he still believes, and expresses the belief with some vehemence, in the capitalist order, quoting, as the words of an oracle, some fancy phrases of Eric Johnston. Then, in a fine burst of theory, he proceeds to specify the objectives which must be attained if the threat of native fascism is to be overcome. These include the elimination of slums, full benefits "to all who produce our economic wealth," jobs for all, industrial peace, the determination of "a fair and not an exorbitant profit on all business enterprise," and the decentralization of financial power. If these are the "musts" in a program to combat fascism, one can only marvel at Carlson's naivete in assuming that such objectives can be attained within the framework of the capitalist order.

As further evidence of a similar boyish ideological exuberance, I will quote one of Carlson's strictures on the race question. Anti-fascists are urged to stop "the cry of 'social-equality' propaganda," it being "more important for the Southern Negro and underprivileged white Americans to eat three well-balanced meals a day than to eat in a 'white' restaurant." Implicit in such a careless appraisal is the assumption that segregation has no bearing on the question of three well-balanced meals a day. To dismiss the fight against segregation as "social-equality propaganda" is, again, to follow the line of Gerald L. K. Smith. The plain truth is, and it has been demonstrated repeatedly in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

social sciences, that the factors Carlson has in mind when using such a phrase as "social equality" cannot be divorced from a consideration of what he calls "job, educational, recreational, and political opportunities."

While I intend to keep "The Plotters" close at hand and have already had occasion to consult it frequently, I must say, to use General Marshall's phrase, that it is a most ineptly organized book. It has neither beginning nor end; and it is obviously padded. The removal of several long passages, and even of a chapter or two, would have sharpened the impact and clarified the meaning of the book as a whole. The long chapter on the American Communist Party is so much fustian, obviously included to certify the author as a middle-roader. The Communist Party may be the most dangerous subversive organization in America, but if it is, evidence of the fact is not to be found in this chapter.

One can only hope that Mr. Carlson will continue to ferret out the native fascists, of all hues and varieties, and that he will give us, every year or so, a volume based on his findings.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

The Airy and the Earth-Bound

SLOW MUSIC. By Genevieve Taggard. Harper and Brothers. $2.

THE EARTH-BOUND, 1924-1944. By Janet Lewis. The Wells College Press. $4.50.

MISS TAGGARD'S specialty is a peculiar kind of lyric, very frail, clear, disembodied; lark-song descending from way up high in the pure sky, or coming down from above the cloud. This is a difficult genre to sustain, or repeat; aiming at effects of innocence, of being "natural," Miss Taggard overdoes it a little. For example, her use of a *La-la-la* refrain is incongruous in the Hymn to Yellow, with its more literate vocabulary—*corona, flange, ritual, exuberance, ideal, sluice, calyx, vibration*: the disparate elements do not fuse. Nor is the same attempt in the Dialogue on Cider attended with any happier result; there it has the effect of reducing what already sounds childish enough to an even simpler level. Sophistication is flimsy stuff, to be sure, with which to compose, but a false assumption of its lack can also lead to bathos. It is very, very hard to be simple and innocent; to *seem* so is even harder: and at what point must one give up being natural in order to avoid being careless? Miss Taggard knows too much about technique and texture, about color and sound, to spoil as many poems as she does with lapses into the flatly declarative—"travail of lost person always hunted for" (in The Weed), "asserting your nature, priceless and feminine" (in Demeter), or the gauche rhyme, "spirit – hear it" (Gilfeather, Again), or (I do not think this is meant to be funny) "dews-chartreuse" (Problem of Evil into Cocoon). There are so many poems in Miss Taggard's collection that are almost quite lovely. I think she would also do well not to write so much about poetry, poems, and poets: this can so easily invite accusations of self-consciousness, as if the writer were saying to the reader, "See! Look! I am one." No such accusation could be brought, for instance, against the author of the first stanza of Gilfeather, Again; but there are too many times when Miss Taggard seems to be giving herself airs, not receiving, or transmitting them, from the spirit.

Miss Lewis is a less ambitious, and more uniformly successful, poet. Less traveled than Miss Taggard, she reports only that which she has observed from her house, door yard, and the fields nearby. The statement is simple, the tone quiet; there is emotion, warmth, a richness that comes from concreteness of the imagery, and a subtlety in the modulation of the cadences. No fancy business, no spectacular wind-up, but ease of delivery, timing, control. Two poems, one of early, one of late, day, Remembered Morning and Going Home from the Party, on facing pages, invite, and reward, considerable study of their metrical patterns: there may be space enough to offer samples, the first stanza of the first poem, and the last of the latter:

> The ax rings in the wood,
> And the children come,
> Laughing and wet from the river;
> And all goes on as it should.
> I hear the murmur and hum
> Of their morning forever.
>
> * * *
>
> I heard the deft passing
> Of small creatures tracing
> Night paths and erasing
> Day paths from the ground,
> And the silence, deep-massing
> In low-lying sound.

But may I venture one suggestion about Remembered Morning, Miss Lewis? You don't *have* to rhyme on *heart* at the end of the second stanza; why not get rid of that "parcel and part" business? You could, by repeating or varying the effect with which you end the lovely Baby Goat poem, bring down the same line, shortened, or lengthened a little—"The little noise of the clock/ goes on and on in my heart/on and on in my heart." There is nothing like a reviewer's arrogance.

Miss Lewis's book is beautifully made—set, printed, and bound by hand, its 47 pages issued in an edition limited to 300 copies, 40 of which have been signed by the author. Ten cents a page does not seem a very high price to pay for these poems; still, one might wish for the author a wider circulation, and more royalties. The question has been asked before, What is the matter with American publishers?

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

A Roxborough Pastoral

SMALL TOWN. By Granville Hicks. The Macmillan Company. $3.

THE small town versus the city has reached the dizzy levels of Town Meeting of the Air debates, and voices of doom over microphones in the neighborhood of Times Square inform us that the city is obsolete. This perennial subject of controversy—"The devil made the small town," "I wouldn't live in New York if you gave me Park Avenue"—has inspired a wealth of interesting reading, with "Main Street" and "Middletown," Simeon Strunsky's Topics of the Times and the *New Yorker's* The Talk of the Town presenting the pros and cons of where to hang your hat.

Now comes Granville Hicks to tell us what it is like for an intellectual living in a small, upstate New York town. He calls his town "Roxborough"—though the bright young men of *Time* instantly ferreted out its real name—admits that it is a sort of suburb of Troy, and writes an honest and alto-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gether readable book about his daily rounds as a fire commissioner, a director of the Community League, a member of the P. T. A., and a general getter-up of square dances, skits, and Christmas-present funds for good causes. For this he had a thorough training as a member of the Communist Party, whose lifeblood flows by way of plenums (meetings to you), caucuses, and agitpropping ("agitational propaganda" to you).

Though he has long since abandoned the hope of getting the Wooden Horse of the Communists past the walls of his neighboring Troy, and has definitely come out from among the comrades, there remains with Mr. Hicks a laudable Dale Carnegie determination to make friends however boresome they may be, and influence some of the dullest set of people confined within any town limits. At least so we gather from "Small Town."

As a native New Yorker who never ventured much west of the Hudson until he was well into his thirties but who has since then spent many delightful winters in small towns on Martha's Vineyard, and many gruesome ones in small towns in Illinois and Oklahoma, this reviewer can't see what all the shooting's for. You simply can't generalize. An intellectual like Mr. Hicks can find in one election district in Manhattan all the outlets for his community interests that he can find in Roxborough, except possibly the fire department, and at that he can be a buff like Evans Clark.

When Colonel Robert Ingersoll visited Belleville, Illinois, the radical editor of the Belleville *Democrat* took him up to a high place for a view of the town. "How many people have you got here?" asked the old agnostic. "About ten thousand," replied the editor. "I mean *real* people," said the Colonel. "Oh, them," said the editor, "about ten."

Though Mr. Hicks can come up with no such proportion, his book is always readable, even if you don't regard square dancing and P. T. A. meetings as the height of democratic hilarity. Throughout it he worries aloud because, despite all his efforts, he doesn't seem to be popular in Roxborough. Don't be concerned, Mr. Hicks. When the majority of the people of Roxborough begin to like you and your ideas, then is the time to worry. For you will discover that, through a mysterious process of small-town osmosis, they will have infiltrated (remember that word?) into your intellectual preserves, and you will begin to think that American legionnaires and other droopy small-town characters are pretty good fellers after all.

MCALISTER COLEMAN

The Argument from Design

HUMAN DESTINY. By Lecomte du Noüy. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.

THERE are several varieties of scientists. One variety holds that science and religion do not mix; among them are fervent believers, and others not so fervent. Then there is a group which discovers religion by studying the "facts" of science. Lecomte du Noüy, a French biophysicist with American affiliations, belongs to the latter. He tells us that a critical examination of the scientific "capital" accumulated by man "leads inevitably to the idea of God." Faith, therefore, is no longer just a matter of belief—an emotional reaction of man to his Maker—but rests solidly upon a scientific foundation. This view, Noüy declares, is in violent conflict with that which states that skepticism, destructive materialism, and atheism are consequences of a scientific interpretation of nature.

What is the leitmotif running through the book? Certain "facts" stand out in the course of evolution which still await explanation: the beginning of life; the evolution of life; the appearance of man and the human brain; the birth of thought and the development of moral and spiritual ideas. Since science offers no explanation, at present, of these "facts," Noüy comes forward with his "telefinalist" theory of evolution, which states that it is impossible to attribute the birth of life, its evolution, and the manifestation of cerebral activity to a "simple play of chance"— the "chance" which dominates the activities of the inorganic world. Therefore it is necessary to introduce a "transcendent, extra-earthly force . . . evolution is comprehensible if we admit that it is dominated by a finality, a precise and distant goal . . ."; and so we reach the superforce, the God.

This "God" idea is strengthened by the following reasoning: evolution has reached a point where future progress rests upon the further development of one single organ, the brain. This means that what had been "physical" development is now replaced by "psychological" development; and "psychological" evolution means an improvement in moral and spiritual ideas. Opposition to "psychological" evolution is contrary to a "directing will" and represents "absolute evil." On the other hand, that which makes man evolve spiritually is "good."

String these pieces together and they make words, words of the type one finds in the writings of the alchemists, but with this difference—that Noüy garnishes his metaphysics with the sauce of science.

What is obvious is that "life" and "evolution" need much more "explaining"; what is not obvious—to me—is that Noüy's hypothesis "explains" anything at all. Skeptics will not be convinced; believers need no convincing; and the clergy will seize upon this work of a scientist to lend added support to their preachings.

BENJAMIN HARROW

Soviet Statistics

A GUIDE TO THE SOVIET UNION. By William Mandel. Dial Press. $5.

THIS book contains a great deal of factual information on many aspects of the U. S. S. R., from medicine to foreign policy, from geography to architecture. Like all informational compendiums it is designed not for steady reading but as a sourcebook for the student of Russia eager to get at facts and figures. The author, who speaks Russian and has worked in the Soviet Union, has served as research associate of the American-Russian Institute and as Russian expert for the United Press, and is at present Hoover Institute Fellow in Slavic Studies at Stanford University. He is therefore well equipped by training and by knowledge of the Russian language—a qualification all too rare among those who write on Russian affairs—to prepare a handbook of this type based on Russian sources.

His volume, however, would have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been far more useful for the general reader if he had, in fact, made it a compilation of information and not attempted at the same time to offer a running analysis of conditions in the Soviet Union. As it is, he does not present sufficient analytical material to interest those who want to find thoughtful interpretation; and yet—because, in a commendable attempt to be objective, he has filled his pages with the views of various commentators on Russia—the facts and figures a busy person would like to get at quickly are sometimes buried in a mass of quotations from writers on Russia and excerpts from various documents. In spite of this technical complication, Mr. Mandel's volume, which is written in a spirit friendly to the U. S. S. R., should usefully fill a niche on all reference shelves, all the more because it contains a detailed index and helpful end maps.

VERA MICHELES DEAN

Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

A GREAT critic once maintained that the best way for a novice to make the acquaintance of Shakespeare was to read him straight through without pausing to seek explanations and without pondering difficulties. Let such a one, he said, "read on through brightness and obscurity, through integrity and corruption" and only "when the pleasures of novelty have ceased" pause to read the commentators or attempt to solve problems. Whether Johnson would have argued that something could be said for acting the plays in a similar manner I do not know, but the visiting company headed by Donald Wolfit, now established at the Century Theater, seems to approach its task in that spirit. Mr. Wolfit thinks nothing of playing Lear two nights in succession, then appearing twice the next day as Touchstone, and returning to Lear again the following evening. He and his companions plunged headlong through scenes which more finicky performers would not approach without months of fasting and prayer. To them the old question whether "King Lear" can be acted is answered as the man who was once asked whether or not he believed in adult baptism answered that question. "Do I believe in it?" he exclaimed. "Why, man, I've seen it done." Mr. Wolfit simply acts "King Lear," and that is that.

In the daily press the enterprise has received a pretty chilly reception, and anyone who expects either the spruceness and care of, say, the Theater Guild's "Winter's Tale" or the relative lavishness and the virtuosity of the Old Vic company is sure to be disappointed. According to the program, the present company has for years been playing Shakespeare up and down England with occasional visits to London, where during the height of the blitz it managed to keep open the only legitimate theater then in operation by offering hour-long programs of excerpts advertised as "Lunch-Time Shakespeare." The costumes and the scenery look as though they might date from that time, and the direction, as well as the performances, is rather rough and ready. The leading lady, Rosalind Iden, has a pleasing stage presence and a clear, expressive speaking voice—as well as legs which fill her namesake's hose very agreeably. Just how good an actor Mr. Wolfit would seem in a part to which he had devoted the whole of his attention is difficult to say, and under the present circumstances it is evident only that he is a valiant war horse who does the impossible better than most could do it. The members of the supporting company vary from the pretty good—for example, John Wynyard as Jacques—to the pretty awful—example not given.

Obviously a reviewer needs to be careful to whom he recommends performances like these. They are certainly not for those who tend to regard Shakespeare as a bore who can be rendered tolerable only when some well-known theatrical personality chooses to contribute the interest of his presence. Neither, on the other hand, are they for the connoisseurs who assert a proprietary interest in the sacred text, who resent any rough hands laid upon it, and who will tolerate a performance only if it affords an opportunity to debate fine points. But there are others who think Shakespeare an interesting writer, who can read or see him performed without being perpetually on the qui vive to be sure that neither they nor anyone else is missing anything. I count myself among these last, and for such as us there is something to be said for the opportunity to witness a performance of a play as seldom acted as "King Lear" or even to see again one of the more familiar works which our grandfathers saw a great deal more often than we shall ever see it.

Take the case of "As You Like It." I happened to go on the night of the blizzard, and there have been few occasions during the course of my life when the Bard's contention that the winter wind is not half so unkind as man's ingratitude seemed more open to question. The curtain had only to rise to reveal the fact that one was not to expect anything elaborate in the matter of scenery, though the childishly simple device of turning around a few screens to indicate a change from the Duke's court to the Forest of Arden actually worked well enough. Not much more time had to elapse before it was equally evident that no new interpretations were to be looked for. But I soon discovered that I need only relax comfortably in my seat to pass a very agreeable evening listening to some of the simplest, gentlest, and sunniest words ever written by mortal man. What is more, I got also, in due time, the reward which I seldom fail to receive from any performance of even the most familiar of the plays—namely, bits of dialogue as new to me as though I had never heard Shakespeare. This time one of them was a sentence spoken to the obdurate Phoebe, who has just refused once more the advances of her faithful shepherd. Says Rosalind, leaning confidentially toward her, "Sell while you can; you are not for all markets." Now that is not what is commonly called Shakespearean. It is, however, something even better. The special tone of playful, mocking cynicism is precisely Rosalind's own. Somebody other than Shakespeare might have written it. Only she could have said it.

The announced repertory of Mr. Wolfit's company includes, in addition

SPECIAL FOOD PARCEL
FOR OVERSEAS
No. 57 — $6.95
INCL. POSTAGE, PACKING, INSURANCE
This parcel specially made up of items frequently requested from overseas
12 oz. meat loaf (beef)
½ lb. sweet cocoa milk
1 lb. honey
¾ lb. vegetable fat
1 lb. dried prunes
½ lb. chocolate
1 lb. coffee
¼ lb. egg powder
½ lb. milk powder
4 oz. soap
Write for prices and further information on parcels made up to order.
J. KOHLS
PERSONAL PARCEL SERVICE
315 WEST 102nd ST. NEW YORK 25, N. Y.
ACademy 2-3844

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the plays already mentioned, "The Merchant of Venice," "Hamlet," and Ben Jonson's "Volpone." The last has certainly not been seen here for many years except in the translation of a German rewriting given many seasons ago by the Theater Guild.

Art

CLEMENT GREENBERG

THE more ambitious and serious of the youngest generation of American painters live south of Twenty-third Street, are shown now and then on Fifty-seventh Street (at Art of This Century, Betty Parsons Gallery, the Egan Gallery, and one or two other places), but never figure in the big annual group shows and get almost no publicity. They are all more or less abstract in mode, betray the influence of Picasso, Matisse, Mirò, or Klee, and half or more come out of Hans Hofmann's school on West Eighth Street. A group of these young painters, the year before this, used to show regularly at the Jane Street Gallery just off Eighth Avenue. After that gallery—which was something of a cooperative enterprise—closed, they remained known as the Jane Street Group, and they are now receiving a show at the small new Gallery Neuf (342 East Seventy-ninth Street), which is run by a young writer from New Orleans, Kenneth Lawrence Beaudoin. Mr. Beaudoin also publishes a little magazine, *Iconograph,* and has a wife, Gertrude Barrer, who is one of the most promising young painters in the country.

The members of the Jane Street Group are Nell Blaine, Frances Eckstein, Ken Ervin, Ida Fischer, Albert Kresch, Sterling Poindexter, Judith Rothschild, and Hyde Solomon. None of these artists—not even Nell Blaine, the most developed of them—is anywhere near fulfilment as yet, and it would be unfair to attempt to draw up a critical balance sheet of their individual accomplishments. Suffice it to say that except for Miss Eckstein, who paints nice but irrelevant flower pieces, they are all ambitious and serious, and seem uncompromisingly determined to prolong and widen the path marked out by Matisse, the cubists, Arp, and Mondrian. My one provisional criticism, founded on a short acquaintance with their work, is that they have perhaps too narrow and too sectarian a conception of what being an artist involves.

The Gallery Neuf itself is the center of a tendency quite different from that represented by the Jane Street Group. This tendency, first made known by Steve Wheeler, takes its point of departure from Northwestern Indian art—more specifically that of the Haidas. Most of the work produced under this inspiration is still too literal in its dependence, too imitative of the influence itself, and too mechanical in execution. And it is, moreover, a style that lends itself to the fabrication of pastiches of Klee, who was himself considerably influenced by primitive or barbaric art.

Gertrude Barrer, who had her first show at the Gallery Neuf last month, is however, one artist who succeeds in assimilating Klee and Haida art to her own personality. In Miss Barrer's hands Klee's influence serves admirably to expand the absolutely flat and formal patterns of Northwestern Indian art and render them permeable to contemporary feeling. A more delicate linearism breaks up and softens the stiff, stylized patterns, and floating washes of brownish-grayish color assert the picture plane without permitting that frozen, flat decorativeness which usually results when Haida or South Sea art is transposed too directly into easel painting. Miss Barrer is not a large and heroic talent; her effects are still minor at best and somewhat restricted—as must needs be the case with anyone who goes to school with Klee. But her gift is as indisputable as the physical presence itself of her pictures. One can only hope that she escapes those social and cultural handicaps that have in the past generally combined to frustrate female talent in the plastic arts.

Rufino Tamayo's recent show, at the Valentine Gallery, only repeated the point previously made by his painting. This painting, while of the highest seriousness and awareness, and compounded of the best ingredients in the way of paint quality, format, and even inventiveness, fails to come off except in isolated single pictures. Thus a Tamayo "problem" arises. Though Picasso's massive example has formed his design and dictated his brush-handling, Tamayo's originality is beyond question, especially on the score of color, over which he has thrown a typically hot, dark Mexican cast. And he remains always an interesting and seemingly powerful painter. But interest is not enough, and power is only relative, and the appearance of it can be obtained sometimes at the cost of its substance.

I believe Tamayo's error to be the same as that made so frequently by Picasso since 1930—an error which seems to have been established as a canon by the latest generation of French painters. That error consists in pursuing expressiveness and emotional emphasis beyond the coherence of style. It has led Tamayo and the younger French into an academic trap: emotion is not only expressed, it is *illustrated.* That is, it is denoted, instead of being embodied. Instead of dissolving his emotion into the abstract elements of style—which is what the old masters and Delacroix did just as much as the cubists—and renouncing any part of feeling that his style cannot order and unify, Tamayo, like Picasso in his weaker moments, localizes the excess emotion—the emotion that his artistic means is not yet large or strong enough to digest—in gestures, the grimace on a face, the swelling calf of a leg, in anatomical distortions that have no relation to the premises upon which the rest of the picture has been built. This amounts in the last analysis to an attempt to avoid the problems of plastic unity by appealing directly, in a different language from that of painting, to the spectator's susceptibility to literature, which includes stage effects.

If Tamayo were not as good a painter as he is, one would not bother to point all this out. But since he is such a good painter, at least in potentiality, one not only points all this out—one also concludes that if so good a painter can make so crude a mistake, then painting in general has lost confidence in itself. In the face of current events painting feels, apparently, that it must be more than itself: it must be epic poetry, it must be theater, it must be rhetoric, it must be an atomic bomb, it must be the Rights of Man. But the greatest painter of our time, Matisse, preeminently demonstrated the sincerity and penetration that go with the kind of greatness particular to twentieth-century painting by saying that he wanted his art to be an armchair for the tired business man.

Music

B. H. HAGGIN

OLIN DOWNES'S first article on the New York Philharmonic crisis, in which he evaded the issues, was bad enough; but even worse was his second article, in which he dealt

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOTION PICTURES

DARRYL F. ZANUCK *Presents*

DANA ANDREWS

in

BOOMERANG

with

JANE WYATT • LEE J. COBB

—PLUS BIG STAGE SHOW—

KATHERINE DUNHAM and Her Dancers
ERNESTO LECUONA

Extra Added Attraction **SID CAESER** • *Special* **PHIL REGAN**

Now Playing **ROXY** 7th Ave. at 50th Street

PAULETTE GODDARD
FRED MacMURRAY in

'SUDDENLY IT'S SPRING'

with MACDONALD CAREY • ARLEEN WHELAN
A MITCHELL LEISEN Production • A PARAMOUNT Picture

—IN PERSON—

Doors Open at 8:30 A.M. 55¢ TO 1 P.M. (Tax. Incl.) Mon. to Fri. Inclusive

JOHNNY LONG & HIS ORCHESTRA
JOAN EDWARDS
PLUS *EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION*
LEWIS & VAN **BUDDY LESTER**
DON BAKER AT THE ORGAN

NOW TIMES SQUARE **PARAMOUNT** Midnight Feature Nightly

STAGE PLAYS

"A smash hit of enormous proportions." — *Ward Morehouse, Sun.*

MAX GORDON *presents*

BORN YESTERDAY

The Hilarious Comedy Hit by GARSON KANIN
LYCEUM THEA., 45th Street East of B'way. CH 4-4256
Evenings 8:40. Matinees Wednesday & Saturday 2:40.

RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN *Present*

In association with JOSHUA LOGAN
"A REWARDING COMEDY."—*Barnes, Her. Trib.*

JOHN LOVES MARY

A New Comedy by NORMAN KRASNA
Directed by MR. LOGAN
BOOTH Theatre, 45th St., West of B'way
Evenings 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"A HAPPY HIT."—*Coleman, Mirror*

HELEN HAYES *in*

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

A New Comedy by ANITA LOOS
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
BROADHURST, 44th St., West of B'way
Evenings 8:40. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:40

"BULL'S-EYE."—*Barnes, Herald Tribune*

ETHEL MERMAN
In the Musical Smash

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN

Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
with RAY MIDDLETON *Directed by* Joshua Logan
IMPERIAL Thea., 45th St., West of B'way
Eves. 8:30 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30 Sharp

TO PLACE AN ADVERTISEMENT
CALL BArclay 7-1066

MOTION PICTURES

MANHATTAN
ALHAMBRA
COLISEUM
81st ST.
86th ST.
58th ST. Bet. LEX. & 3rd
HAMILTON
125th ST.
REGENT
RIVERSIDE
23rd ST.

BRONX
CASTLE HILL
CHESTER
FORDHAM
FRANKLIN
MARBLE HILL
PELHAM
ROYAL

WESTCHESTER
MT. VERNON
NEW ROCH.
WH. PLAINS
YONKERS

RKO NOW

"BIG BOUNCING MUSICAL."—New York Herald Tribune

DENNIS MORGAN
JACK CARSON

'THE TIME THE PLACE AND THE GIRL'

IN TECHNICOLOR
JANIS PAGE • MARTHA VICKERS • S. Z. SAKALL
—AND—
'THE FALCON'S ADVENTURE'
TOM CONWAY • MADGE MEREDITH

BROOKLYN
BUSHWICK
DYKER
GREENPOINT
KENMORE
MADISON
ORPHEUM
PROSPECT
REPUBLIC
TILYOU
Coney Island

QUEENS
MIDWAY
Forest Hills
Keith's
FLUSHING
Keith's
RICH. HILL
STRAND
Far Rockaway

MANHATTAN
COLONIAL
B'way & 62 St.

"EXCITING SPY STORY."—*N. Y. World-Telegram*

JAMES CAGNEY

'13 Rue Madeleine'

ANNABELLA • RICHARD CONTE
—AND—
'SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI'
PHIL REGAN • ELYSE KNOX

CONCERT

CARNEGIE HALL, **SUN., MARCH 9 at 8:30**

SIMON BARERE

". . . one recalls Busoni and Paderewski."
—*New York Times*

TICKETS AT BOX OFFICE

Buy Your Books Through THE NATION

Nation readers can avail themselves of our offer to send them any book at the regular publisher's price post-free if payment is received with the order, or at the publisher's price plus postage if the book is sent C.O.D. No C.O.D.'s outside the United States. When ordering, please give name of author and publisher, if possible. Make checks payable to *The Nation.*

Please address your orders to

THE READERS' SERVICE DIVISION

The NATION

20 VESEY STREET NEW YORK 7, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with them with beclouding indirection and evasion.

Thus he began with a hullabaloo about the misbehavior of Rodzinski, who had had "ample time to make any complaints, public or private . . . at the appropriate moment and in the most effective way," but whose "suddenly proffered resignation" had "resulted in forcing the Philharmonic-Symphony on the spur of the moment to choose its conductors for the balance of this season and next with a haste that . . . cannot be for the best good of the famous artistic organization which Dr. Rodzinski professes to love so much." One must suppose Rodzinski had done a lot of complaining before the point when he was offered a new contract that he had either to accept or refuse; and actually it was the Philharmonic that created the emergency Mr. Downes described, by dismissing Rodzinski immediately when he resigned as of next October.

Next Mr. Downes devoted a couple of paragraphs to Rodzinski's complaints and to doubts of their accuracy or justification, before conceding that "the permanent conductor must be engaged on the basis of his abilities, then given undisputed authority in purely artistic matters, and held responsible for the results"—and only to add: "But there must be flexible cooperation and practical adjustment all around," and "The conductor's ascendancy with his board will always depend largely upon his acumen, personal force, and public power." Which brought him to "the question of paramount importance . . . the one of the double-barreled managerial relation of Mr. Judson and the orchestra."

On this question Thomson had been forthright and clear: "Arthur Judson is unsuited by the nature and magnitude of his business interests to manage with the necessary self-effacement a major intellectual institution doing business with his other interests." But Mr. Downes found it necessary to begin with an explanation of how natural it had been for the Philharmonic, twenty-five years ago, to engage as its manager a man who "was already the manager of another orchestra—the Philadelphia—and of a number of individual artists," since "it was the period of big combinations in business, finance, railroading, and all the rest of it." Now, however, that period is near its end, "business and politics are changing their methods," and besides "there is not too close a comparison between a manager who had half a dozen artists and a great orchestra under his control . . .and the manager who controls hundreds of artists with one hand . . . and directs . . . the affairs of a leading American orchestra with the other." In this roundabout way Mr. Downes arrived at a shadowy hint that Mr. Judson should no longer be manager of the Philharmonic; and it was also a way for Mr. Downes to say that Mr. Judson should go but the Philharmonic directors had not done wrong in engaging him originally.

Then Mr. Downes completed his maneuver by continuing: "Every director of the Philharmonic-Symphony whom we know . . . commends Mr. Judson's management. His transactions in all details that affect the Philharmonic-Symphony, including the soloists and conductors . . . their fees, commissions . . . go down on paper and are submitted each season to the careful scrutiny of the . . . board. Mr. Judson's counsel is sought by the members of that board and by many other orchestras who seek his advice as well as his collaboration in their affairs. . . ." That is, Mr. Judson should go but not because of anything wrong he had done as manager.

And the rest was more of same. "In the light of all these things, the subject of his relations with the Philharmonic-Symphony is open to reconsideration." This carried implications which were at once denied: "There is no doubt of the practical effectiveness of the present arrangements but they can be open to criticism in principle. The policies and procedure of an orchestra such as the Philharmonic-Symphony," Mr. Downes elaborated in a deathless sentence, "must be as remote from the slightest suspicion of outside influence or interest as Caesar's wife." This again carried implications that were at once denied: "The situation is not of any individual's making, or of anyone's ability or integrity. It is one occasioned by the development of social and musical conditions of today." And so on.

If in his first article Mr. Downes wrote as the critic of a conservative paper, in his second he carried this to the point of acting virtually as a Philharmonic mouthpiece. His statement about the fees and commissions for Columbia Concerts Corporation conductors and soloists all being set down on the Philharmonic books was similar to the statement by Mr. Charles Triller of the Philharmonic board, who in addition revealed how small the amounts paid to Columbia Concerts were. Perhaps Mr. Triller and Mr. Downes really thought these amounts were Mr. Judson's entire stake in his Philharmonic managership; but you may be sure Mr. Judson himself knew better. What he is concerned with—in the appearances of Columbia Concerts artists with the Philharmonic—is not the few thousands that Columbia Concerts makes on these appearances, but the many thousands it makes on the increased number of engagements and the higher fees which these artists get all over the country as a result of their Philharmonic appearances. And the objection to the head of Columbia Concerts being manager of the Philharmonic is, as I pointed out, the possibility this creates of his using appearances with the orchestra to build up the prestige and commercial value of the artists he manages.

Mr. Downes wrote that other orchestras "seek his advice as well as his collaboration in their affairs." More correctly, Mr. Judson has influence over other orchestras because of his control of certain soloists whom they need as box-office attractions—influence which he can use to make them engage other soloists whom they don't care about. He exercises additional influence on some of these orchestras through their conductors, who are under his management and owe their posts to him. And here again his control of the New York Philharmonic is valuable to him, since he can dangle before them the possibilities of guest appearances with that orchestra.

Mr. Judson can afford, then, to donate his commissions from the Philharmonic to the orchestra's pension fund. He could afford to give up the salary he gets as manager. More important, he could relinquish the managership itself, and he would continue to exercise control through his conductors, through the Philharmonic board members who seek his counsel, and above all through the highly influential board member who is the lawyer of Columbia Broadcasting System, Columbia Recording Corporation, and Columbia Concerts Corporation (the Philharmonic's prestige is commercially valuable to Columbia Broadcasting and Columbia Recording, and Philharmonic appearances are a means of building up the prestige and commercial values of the recording company's artists).

To liberate the Philharmonic from Mr. Judson one would have to liberate it from those through whom he could control it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editors

A Bund Offshoot?

Dear Sirs: The letter which Cecil Hourani, secretary of the Arab Office, contributed to your January 11 issue would have been more informative had Mr. Hourani seen fit to say a few words concerning the origin and background of the Arab Office.

Nation readers would be interested in knowing, for example, that the *Arab News Bulletin* published by Mr. Hourani's office, in a late 1946 issue, described the Arab quisling-in-chief, Amin el Husseini, the so-called Grand Mufti, as "a single-minded and courageous patriot."

This "single-minded and courageous patriot" is the same man who advised Himmler as to the best methods to use in executing Jews, who helped Hitler form his Arab Legion, who worked as the trusted associate of the Nazis during the war, and who addressed American soldiers of Near Eastern extraction over the Axis short-wave radio advising them to desert. . . .

Americans will also be interested to learn that Mr. Hourani's office, a propaganda agency representing an alien master, has been ready to use its extensive resources in making common cause with the evil forces that are bent upon stirring up religious and racial dissension here in our own country. Last spring the Anti-Nazi League exposed a typical instance in a series of newspaper advertisements quoting a letter from a notorious "nationalistic" anti-Semitic agitator, one H. L. Smith of Philadelphia—who also served as local chairman for Gerald L. K. Smith's activities—in which he requested the Arab Office to send a speaker to his propaganda group. The letter of invitation left no doubt whatever as to the kind of group involved, for in it Smith wrote that "democracy is nothing but Jewocracy" and went on to refer to the Jews of Philadelphia as "kikes." Anwar Nashashibi, most prominent spokesman for the Arab Office, accepted Smith's invitation with alacrity.

Although Nashashibi was later summarily recalled from Washington, Mr. Hourani has been quite ready to assist the same divisive elements in America, and the Anti-Nazi League possesses documentary evidence of at least one outstanding effort of Mr. Hourani's along these lines.

There can be little doubt, despite the splendid Oxford phrases which Mr. Hourani has learned to write, that it is part of the purpose and intention of the Arab Office in America to assist anti-Semitic and anti-democratic movements, wherever such assistance will help accomplish the Arab purposes. In this respect the methods and propaganda of the Arab Office and its related "indigenous" agencies are not dissimilar to some of those of the late unlamented German American Bund.

JAMES H. SHELDON,
Administrative Chairman,
Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League

New York, February 18

To Resolve a Discord

[*Reports of the deportations of Hungarians from Slovakia and of the strained relations between Czechoslovakia and Hungary provided the occasion for this exchange of letters. Rustem Vambery is a leading Hungarian liberal, formerly professor of law at the University of Budapest. Jan Masaryk is Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia.*]

Dear Mr. Masaryk: Whatever the antagonism between your Premyslids and our Arpad dynasty when both died out at the beginning of the fourteenth century, or between George of Podiebrad and Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, at the end of the fifteenth, sincere friendly relations between Czechoslovakia and Hungary are extremely desirable at present, both from the point of view of our two countries and from that of Europe as a whole. . . .

It cannot be denied that the relationship between Slovaks and Magyars is now far from satisfactory, quite aside from the dispute over the exchange of populations. I am familiar with the methods that have been used to revive a hectic nationalism in most countries of Europe, and I am sure that the reports of atrocities have been exaggerated, but I cannot dismiss certain facts that cloud the horizon.

I am sure that as a true representative of that humanitarianism which is a component of the Czechoslovak national ideology you will agree with me that every effort should be made to eliminate the roots of this deplorable conflict. Being aware of the intransigent views of the Slovak National Council, I realize how delicately the Czechoslovak government has to handle this problem. I do not close my eyes to the Hungarian government's indiscriminate expulsion of the German minority or dare to assert that the revisionist mentality fostered by the twenty-five-year Horthy regime has turned democratic overnight. . . .

Five years ago democratic Hungarians living in this country formed a Committee for a New Democratic Hungary, of which I became chairman. Sincere friendship with countries adjacent to Hungary was paramount in our political program. Should we fail to achieve this end, our adversaries, the Hungarian reactionaries and revisionists, would triumph by stressing the futility of our efforts. I do not think I need to convince you, the indefatigable champion of the democratic spirit of Czechoslovakia, that only a truly democratic and friendly Hungary can assure the safety and economic prosperity of your republic.

Prompted by these motives, though lacking any official capacity, I venture to ask you, when you return to your native land, to use your political wisdom and authority to convince the government of the Czechoslovak Republic of the necessity of paving the way for an understanding between the Slovak and the Magyar people. Only by viewing the problem from both sides, without emotional bias or political prejudice, can any progress be made toward resolving this unfortunate discord.

RUSTEM VAMBERY

New York, December 20

Dear Mr. Vambery: I appreciated your letter of December 20, and I agree with its contents. You know that for a long time I have tried and failed to find a safe path toward a lasting understanding between our two nations. I do not hesitate to say that unnecessary obstacles have sometimes been placed on it from both sides. A friendly, democratic Hungary is a condition sine qua non for a calm period of political weather in Central Europe. How I wish it would come now and be lasting! I will talk with President Benes when I get back, and, believe me, I will not give up, as long as I live, trying in my humble way to bring into being the ideals without which life is not very satisfactory.

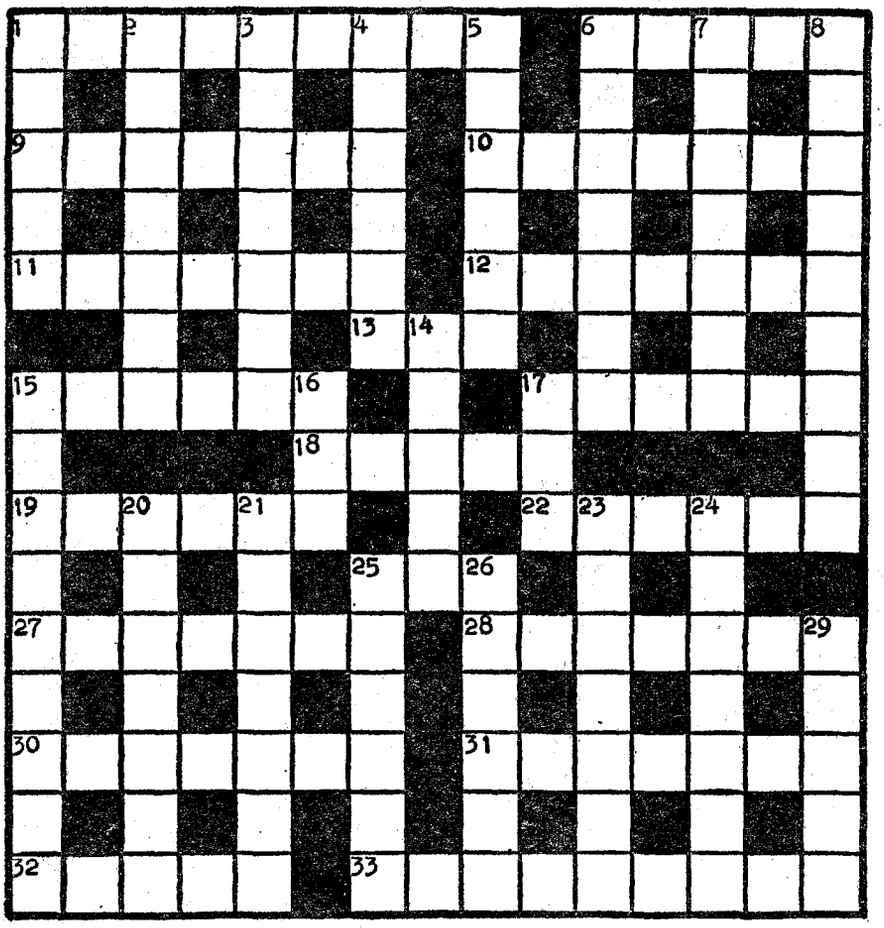
JAN MASARYK

Lake Success, January 16

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 202

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 He's just a nipper (4 & 5)
6 O. K. son, they are out of the way
9 Nice zoo of comparatively later date
10 Apple that begins as Eve began
11 English poet (1552-1599)
12 Details (anag.)
13 Opposite direction to N. N. W.
15 Put pep in a marionette
17 Wooden breakwater
18 It's not the center of the target, Daisy
19 Not cut, fortunately, one night in ancient Rome
22 Science, in short, splits the atom. That's lucky for us!
25 Florence probably hates to be called this
27 "What's - - - - - - -? That which we call a rose By any other name would smell as sweet" (2, 1, 4)
28 Old body with a house in Washington
30 "An inner keel placed right over the outer keel" (dictionary)
31 An impressive type
32 Port of the dissipated one?
33 Not necessarily peers of the realm

DOWN

1 A Captain of Horse Marines
2 Feature of the movies which suggests difficulty in approaching the cathedral
3 So flies to Florence
4 Happens
5 Diatribe
6 Run, Abel (anag.)
7 Some do their welcome
8 Presumed state of Rabbi ben Ezra
14 It would need magic to teach some people to
15 He won't be in to a meal
16 Point on which the ballet dancer excels
17 The stone of "purest ray serene," as the poet put it
20 Ha! tea in this may have been taken by our troops in France
21 Bond of union
23 Everybody welcome! (3 & 4)
24 Row over a cat? Just the reverse
25 Flower called "ragged lady"
26 Choice mixed potion
29 Of interest to actors, anglers and gamblers

□—□—□—□

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 201

ACROSS:—1 BURGUNDY; 5 WRITHE; 10 COLLUDE; 11 WINDSOR; 12 EYELET; 14 INFIDELS; 16 LOUNGED; 17 ESHER; 18 ASIA; 20 STREETS; 22 LEES; 24 HABIT; 26 SLATHER; 29 FRESHERS; 30 RAVAGE; 32 UTOPIAN; 33 OPALINE; 34 SLEDGE; 35 SHADIEST.

DOWN:—1 BUCKET; 2 ROLLERS; 3 UKULELES; 4 DEER; 6 RANCID; 7 TASSELS; 8 EURASIAN; 9 TWANG; 13 TORTILE; 14 INVESTS; 15 FEATHER; 19 ALL FOURS; 21 SARABAND; 23 EYESORE; 25 IMAGINE; 26 SHYING; 27 ARENA; 28 BEREFT; 31 MOTH.

CONTRIBUTORS

JACQUES BARZUN, professor of history at Columbia University, is the author of "The Teacher in America," "Darwin, Marx, Wagner," "Romanticism and the Modern Ego," and other books.

CAREY McWILLIAMS, staff contributor to *The Nation*, is the author of "Southern California Country," "Brothers Under the Skin," and other books.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES is the author of several books of verse, including "The Summer Landscape" and "Out of the Jewel." He has published a translation of Lorca's poems and edited the Spanish Loyalist anthology "And Spain Sings."

McALISTER COLEMAN, a liberal journalist, is the author of "Men and Coal."

BENJAMIN HARROW is professor of biochemistry at the College of the City of New York.

VERA MICHELES DEAN, research director of the Foreign Policy Association, is the author of "The Four Cornerstones of Peace" and "Europe in Retreat." A new book, "Russia: Menace or Promise," will be published this month.

Advertising
● Rates ●

GENERAL ADVERTISING
per page—$300
●
PUBLISHERS' AND LOCAL
per page—$240
●
CLASSIFIED DISPLAY
per inch—$7.39
●
CLASSIFIED
74¢ a line (six words)
minimum three lines
●
Call or write the Advertising Department for Discounts and Deadlines!

THE *Nation*
TWENTY VESEY STREET
New York 7, New York
BArclay 7-1066

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED